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## OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

SOME of our readers may remember, that in the 6th Number of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, a brief sketch was given of "Dunton the Bookseller," the projector of "The Athenian Mercury," resolving weekly all the most nice and curious Questions proposed by the Ingenious." The "Athenian Mercury" was a very popular periodical, and was favoured with "nice and curious questions" from several of the most "ingenious" characters of the time—such as De Foe, Richardson, Sir William Temple, and Swift. The practice has been tried in various periodicals, with greater or less success; and at the present moment there are several newspapers, of extensive circulation, a large portion of whose popularity arises from that department of their respective Miscellanies, wherein "they resolve" all the "nice and curious questions" proposed by the most "ingenious" of their correspondents.

It appears to us, that we might take advantage of the facilities which are and will be afforded by CHEAP POSTAGE, and attempt to open a LITERARY LETTER-BOX in the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, and thus endeavour to enter into a weekly correspondence with a large number of intelligent individuals. Not being "learned in the law," we will not venture on legal opinions; and not being profound in the London Pharmacopoeia, we will not undertake to prescribe for invisible patients. Little versed, also, in the mysteries of the turf, nor yet acquainted with horse or hound points, or the technicalities of the chess-board or the billiard-table, we will abstain from deciding bets, and will be found sadly deficient in that anecdotal information, which, when well told, is sometimes as gratifying to the lookers-on as to the players themselves. Our LETTER-BOX we wish to make, as much as possible, a *Literary Repository*: a collection of facts, hints, advice, and information; and we fancy that there are enough of intelligent and speculative individuals, even amongst our own readers, in whose minds "nice and curious questions," on literary matters, are continually starting up, and who, not having the time for research or inquiry, would gladly look for information from a periodical. Intelligent persons, engaged in the daily avocations by which subsistence and comfort are obtained, cannot be expected "in one small head" to carry all they wish to know; and it is but a trite observation, that knowledge is far more firmly impressed on the memory, when it is obtained by exertion, prompted by curiosity or anxiety, than when it meets the eye in a casual or unexpected manner. There is an ample field for the most "ingenious" of correspondents, in questions relating to science and art; in inquiries respecting points of constitutional history, and facts or opinions connected with commerce, trade, colonies, emigration, illustrious individuals, books, authors, &c. &c.; while many matters which, strictly speaking, are individually personal, might be so answered as to come home to the "businesses and bosoms" of many more readers than the individual querists.

The "LETTER-BOX" is quite an experiment. It is an attempt to assist in diffusing the benefits of CHEAP POSTAGE, by inducing readers to set down their "roving thoughts" in writing, and thus to fix what might otherwise pass away; and it is an attempt to open, what might be made a very agreeable channel of intercourse with a numerous class. Should the attempt be met in the spirit in which it is made, we will bestow time, inquiry, attention, and patience on our correspondents: we are not *walking encyclopædists*, but time, inquiry, attention, and patience, are not fruitless, when well bestowed. Letters on mean or very trivial subjects will be put aside: but no letter, however humble in style and appearance, will be neglected, which seems to bear on its face an honest and a rational object. We invite our friends, therefore, to enter into communication with us; as far as we can, we will try to act the part of a friendly adviser, guide, and informant; and however numerous may be the letters which may be poured in upon us, if the majority of them are of the kind we wish, the answering of them will be "no trouble at all, but rather a pleasure."

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If, however, after trying the experiment for a reasonable period, the letters sent in should be feeble in object or few in number, we will conclude that we have failed, either in "drawing out" our friends, or in gratifying their taste in this particular: and if such should be the case—the LETTER-BOX will be shut.

It is proposed to "open" the LETTER-BOX in the 53d Number of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL—that is, the First Number of the THIRD VOLUME, to be dated the 4th of January, 1840. But as our Journal is sent to press two weeks before it is published, it will be necessary for our Correspondents to be somewhat early with their communications. And we hope that some of our friends, on reading this intimation, will go to work, and furnish us with matter for our first "delivery;" and thus set an example to others, who, however willing enough to write to us, may feel inclined to hold back, until they see what character the "Letter-box" will assume.

All letters intended to be answered in the "LITERARY LETTER-BOX" must be delivered FREE, and addressed to "The EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," 113, Fleet-street.

## THE DESERTER.

How well I remember my first trip to sea! I was scarcely twelve years of age, and what my shipmates called a puny land lubber; at that time they were right; and I endured a good deal before I was as fully entitled to designate those who followed me by the same disdainful title. I had not been ten days in His Majesty's service when I found myself, one fine summer's morning, within sight of the French fleet, and almost encircled by the shores of France; and there they lay, to my bewildered astonishment, in their own harbour, sleeping on the water like ourselves; and the tri-coloured flag waved, as I thought, sulkily in the breeze; and their boats passed to and fro, and we could almost imagine, to night did they appear, that we heard the hum of many voices borne along the smooth surface of the water; and all this appeared very strange to me, and I said to our marine officer, who took me from the middy's berth beneath the water to show me the sight, "What a coward our admiral is, not to go in and bring them out!"—And the marine officer frowned, and laughed, and looked big, and told me in a subdued voice, that I had spoken treason; and I inquired the meaning of the word, and he laughed again, and told the first lieutenant; and the first lieutenant told the captain; and the captain invited me to dinner; and I soon discovered that I had said a good thing; and my father, when I told him of it, prophesied I should be a future Nelson. But a prophet has no honour in his own country,—and my father was deceived.

The roadstead in which we lay was large enough to hold the navy of England; and, except the spot where the French fleet were moored, under the shelter of their batteries, there was no object along the low range of coast, on either side, sufficiently striking to catch the eye, or upon which the mind could dwell beyond the relief of a moment. It was one continuous line of sand, with here and there a solitary-looking windmill, to denote, by its ever-turning sails, that life was not wholly extinct.

I have, however, omitted one feature in this dreary landscape, which, however much to the unpractised eye it may have been but a tall unmeaning pole, rising out of the sand, was to our signal-officer an object of sufficient interest to demand his constant and vigilant attention. I am now speaking of the French sem-

phore, to which we had the key, and by which we could often discover the movements of the enemy, and first became acquainted with one of Wellington's victories.

The good admiral under whose auspices I was sent into the navy, transferred me from his leviathan to a dashing frigate, which had the in-shore station off Rochelle. She always lay with a spring on her cable, so as to bring her broadside to bear upon any of the enemy's gun-boats, if they ventured to attack her during a calm. She was also prepared to slip her cable at a moment's warning. The neatly-folded topsails, instead of being secured in the usual manner by rope-bands, were simply confined by a single yarn; and, to guard against being taken by surprise in the night, every preparation was made at sunset for the reception of the enemy. A small chasse-marée, fitted up as a fishing-boat, supplied her crew with an occasional fresh meal, and her boats had a skirmish now and then when a stray sheep had the misfortune to get becalmed at a distance from her comrades. She had a smart first lieutenant, who piqued himself on keeping the devil out of the men's minds; and, to do him justice, he was eminently successful; so that the nine weeks' blockade passed away in comparative quickness. The enemy's squadron usually weighed anchor once a week, and manœuvred in the inner harbour. Sometimes the sea-breeze would induce one to pass the barrier, but collectively they never ventured beyond the range of the batteries. On such occasions, the bare idea that a frigate might, perchance, get becalmed in a tide-way, or be carried by baffling winds beyond the prescribed limits, was enough, however feeble the chance, to enliven both officers and men with hope; and the prospect of such an event was thought of with as much anxiety, as the bewildered mariner watches in a storm the smallest opening in the murky clouds, to catch a transient glimpse of the sun towards the meridian.

I recollect, upon one occasion,—and I shall never forget the soul-stirring enthusiasm it inspired,—that instead of the usual pipe of "Grog a-hoy," the drum suddenly beat to quarters!—Away went the salt junk and biscuit! Some of the mids, in their ecstasy, made a clean breach through the venetian blinds of the berth, and all darted to their respective stations with the speed of lightning. The seamen ran up the rigging with the celerity of monkeys,—the folds of the canvas fell from the yards like magic,—the topsails were run up to the mast-head, and crowned by sails of lighter magnitude; and the joy which illumined our features at that exciting moment was worth hours of restless inactivity before or after.

In less than five minutes we were under full sail, in chase of one of the enemy's frigates. She was not more than three gun-shots from us, and about two from the batteries. There was not a ripple on the water; the air was so light, that it barely lulled our lofty sails to sleep, while the courses flapped against the masts in lazy indolence. It was one of those beautiful bright days in spring, when every object, emancipated from the gloom of winter, appeared decked in smiling cheerfulness. The sea was studded with innumerable chasse marées, and their small white sails, gleaming in the sun, gave the surrounding scene that animating character so essential to the beauty of a marine landscape.

Our foe was perfectly becalmed, and her crew were watering her sails, to catch the lightest breath of air that might come from heaven. Our own squadron were getting under weigh, and the French ships of the line had their boats prepared to tow them into action, if necessary. In speaking of this well-remembered event, I cannot help thinking of the excitement into which it threw us. I did not then know that the bravest men were those most

esteemed for their coolness and precision, and at that moment I should have spurned such systematic apathy. What could it have been, compared to my own feelings, when I went up to the captain, and asked him under what colours he would fight? And shall I ever forget the throbbing delight I that day felt, as the blood tingled through every vein in my body, when the captain replied, "St. George's Ensign." The signal-man, who was almost mad with joy, sprang forward with the elasticity of an antelope; and, whilst I was bending on that beautiful flag of England, with the red cross upon a white field, he reappeared with a hammer and some nails, to be in readiness, as he told me, to nail the ensign to the mast.

We saw the sea breeze, as it curled on the wave, slowly approaching our stern, and we marked its progress in painful suspense. At one time, it appeared but a light cat's paw, partial, and not to be depended on; then, again, it spread over the surface of the water, and became united. Our sails flapped against the shrouds, impatient of its tardy approach. At length it reached us. The broad expansive canvas swelled to the gentle gale, and propelled our noble vessel proudly onward, until we were within a gun-shot and a half of the enemy. In ten minutes, if the breeze stood, we calculated on being within musket range, and could we but succeed in bringing her to action before she got within reach of the batteries, all would be right.

The order was given to prepare the starboard broadside,—the guns were double-shotted,—and, I think, it was the captain's intention to board after the first round! but, by this time, the breeze, which had brought us up hand-over-hand with the enemy, caught her sails also, and for ten minutes we did not gain an inch on her. A shot from the batteries, to try the distance, fell about three cables' length ahead of us. The unwelcome sound of another and more distant gun arrested our attention; and when we saw the large recal flag waving over the smoke of the cannon, at the mast-head of our admiral, we felt that all hope was annihilated. "Look," said the captain to me, "look again, younker; it cannot be the recal." I took the hint, and was doubtful. Another, and a third, gun followed. It was no longer safe to doubt. A shot from the fort whizzed between our main and mizen masts. "Brail up the spanker!" exclaimed the captain. "Shiver the after sails, and bear away six points. Stand to your guns: watch the motion of the ship:—Fire!" Our vessel careered to the concussion, and a loud cheer from our seamen announced the loss of our adversary's main topmast. The batteries now opened on us. We wore round, and gave the enemy our starboard broadside. Her main-yard was shot away in the slings, and her fore-topmast studding-sail boom was out in two. The French admiral made sail to her relief. Bang—bang—bang—went the signal-guns from our own admiral. "Brace sharp up," said the captain. "Main-deck there; Mr. Elwin, another broadside, if you can get the guns to bear on her." "Ay, ay, sir," said Elwin, and another well-directed fire, three points abaft the beam, crippled the enemy most successfully. At that moment a two-and-forty pound shot struck our fore-mast about six feet from the deck, passing within an inch of the captain of the fore-castle, and buried itself in its centre.

The freshening breeze obliged us to double reef the fore-top-sail, but with one mast already crippled, it would have been madness to have approached nearer the batteries; we therefore answered the recal, rejoined our squadron, and that evening the usual signal of "An opportunity for letters," was the first announcement we had of our being ordered to England. Little did we that morning imagine, that the accidental lodgment of a two-and-forty pound

shot in our fore-mast would have so materially changed our destiny, or the destiny of a man whose conduct, up to that period, had been blameless!

Peter Simple, in his Narrative, has given a very lively sketch of the difficulties he had to contend with, when sent on shore for the ward-room stock at Plymouth. On the occasion of which I am about to speak, the same perplexing duty fell to my lot. My orders were precisely similar, and a corresponding transgression on the part of the boat's crew involved me in the same embarrassment. Owing, perhaps, to the indecision of the caterer, or, it might have been, to the difficulty we had in collecting the mess subscriptions, we were unmoored and hove short; the women were leaving the ship amidst the uproar of Jews and Gentiles, and the blue-peter was actually at the mast-head, when I was sent to Mutton-cove on this precious errand. The gun-room steward, to whose immediate directions I might be almost said to have been in some degree subordinate, promised, when he landed, to send the stock down with all possible despatch; nevertheless, it was twilight before the last hamper arrived, and then the porter delivered into my hand a small brown paper parcel, carefully sealed, and as carefully tied round with pack-thread, directed to the caterer of the ward-room mess, with the word "care" in legible characters on the corner. On inquiring from whom the parcel came, the carrier said, "From the gentleman who ordered the provisions, your honour;" but, recollecting himself, he added, "I have got a bit of a note for your honour, which he bid me put into your honour's own hand." The man was an Irishman. I opened the note, and read as follows:—

SIR,—Please deliver the parcel to Mr. G——. Wishing you health, happiness, and promotion, I am, your wellwisher,

HENRY B——.

N.B.—I shall follow you in a shore boat.

Young as I was, the concluding benediction struck me as being somewhat singular. Why, said I to myself, that's no more than my Irish friends said to me when I left the Emerald Isle—and why should the gunroom steward, who was a Scotchman to boot, send me his blessing, when I shall see him so soon again? "He's off," I exclaimed, and thankful that his delinquency did not fall within my jurisdiction, I sprang into the boat, shouted with my little squeaking lungs, "Shove off," and in five minutes we were swept by the ebb-tide past that well-remembered middy's retreat, Cremill Passage.

It was a damp, cold, foggy evening. The beautiful park of Mount Edgecombe was almost obscured by the vapoury clouds which hung over it, and the small drizzling rain which fed the hollow blasts of the south-west wind, threw a dismal gloom over the surrounding objects. It was, to me, a material point, to have all my boat's crew safe, although the senseless bodies of three of them lay under the thwarts amongst pigs, sheep, and poultry. I deemed myself, however, secure from my customary elevated position at the main-topmast crosstrees; but when the first lieutenant saw the drunken part of my crew hauled up the side of the ship, in common with the pigs—their clothes saturated with the mire in which they had been wallowing—he pointed, with his usual significance, to the mast-head, and I had a cooling for the pains I took to keep my men sober. As soon as I thought myself forgotten, I sneaked down the mainstay, and crept into my hammock cold, hungry, and almost disgusted with my profession.

The packet, of which I was the bearer, contained vouchers for every article the steward had purchased, and the balance of one hundred and forty-five pounds, which had been entrusted to him for the payment of the bills. A few lines were respectfully addressed to the caterer, signifying that the writer would not return to the ship.

At the period of which I am writing, the Breakwater was not in existence; the first stone might have been laid, but that was all; we were, therefore, obliged to moor the ship again for the night, as the gloomy aspect of the weather denoted an approaching gale. The sheet-cable was bent, top-gallant masts hoisted, and the yards were pointed to the wind. Towards midnight, it came on to blow with tremendous violence. The thin fleecy clouds swept past the moon in rapid succession, leaving at intervals gleams of light, which rendered the succeeding gloom still more dark and impenetrable. The foaming waves rolled in from the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and dashed against the rocks astern of us, in wild disorder. We struck our lower yards and topmasts, dropped the sheet-anchor under foot; and, as our vessel laboured to resist the fury

of the elements, we felt that our safety depended on the strength and elasticity of our cables. As the gale continued for three days, the Deserter had time to abscond to a distant part of the country before any steps could be taken for his apprehension.

When the weather moderated we sailed for Newfoundland, with a troop-ship under our protection. She was conveying five hundred seamen, then known by the familiar title of "Death and Glory Boys," to reinforce Sir James Yeo's flotilla on the lakes of Canada. Poor fellows! they had hard knocks for it when they got there. Our orders were to convoy her as far as the Banks, and when we reached that foggy latitude, her commander came on board to take leave of our captain. The middies on that forlorn-hope expedition availed themselves of the opportunity to send our caterer a letter, briefly relating the miseries they were suffering for want of food, and inclosing five pounds to pay for whatever relief we, in our wisdom, might be disposed to afford them. The letter was signed in the form of a round-robin, and particularly specified a sack or two of potatoes. It was more than the caterer's commission was worth, to take from our limited stock without the sanction of the elder middies; a council was hastily summoned, and, with a liberality which did them credit, they agreed to divide what we had left, and to return the money. A firkin of butter, two firkins of pickled tripe, some salt-fish, and the potatoes, were all we could spare; but at the moment we were getting them up the hatchway, their boat left the ship; the main-topmast was filled, and we parted company. She went to Quebec, we made sail for St. John's, and the poor death-and-glory boys, minus their five-pound note, as well as the expected relief—cursed us all for a pack of swindlers.

Months, I might almost say years, elapsed without our hearing anything of B——; in fact, we had almost ceased to think of the affair, when the unfortunate culprit was brought on board at Halifax, pinioned as a Deserter. He had always been esteemed the most respectable-looking man on board the ship; his fine form was strikingly upright; his features were dark, and their general expression corresponded with the moral integrity of his previous conduct. His manner, although much above the station of a ward-room steward, was nevertheless always respectful, and he had the advantage of a mild disposition, with a good deal of taste, and an intuitive desire to please. He was now a poor, feeble, half-famished picture of misery, retaining scarcely a vestige of his former manly appearance. I shall never forget the powerful effect which his sudden and unexpected presence had on every one on board. Pity and compassion were strongly depicted in the weather-beaten features of those who sympathised with his misery; but there stood one person present, who looked on the squalid form of the poor emaciated delinquent with feelings less creditable to human nature.

Sailors are not hypocrites, they cannot dissemble; they know they dare not speak, but they can look and mutter; thus it was with our crew; B—— had been their favourite, and although a Deserter, they considered him a martyr to that liberty which many themselves had been suddenly deprived of by the press-gang. Much was naturally said on the occasion, and more than, even at the distance of twenty years, I am disposed to narrate. Owing to the pernicious custom of keeping the midshipmen's chests in the men's berths, an arrangement which I hope is now abolished in the service, it was impossible for the former to avoid hearing language uttered, under the smarting influence of momentary anger, often bordering on mutiny. Under these circumstances, it is almost needless to observe, that there was a constant jealousy on the part of the crew towards the unoffending midshipmen, which evinced itself, perhaps at a critical moment, when the absence of such a feeling might have been more conducive to the interest of the service, and the happiness of the crew. Another curious custom existed at that time in the navy, which I trust the enlightened wisdom of our commanders has also annulled. I allude to the time selected for the infliction of the lash, which, by way of giving the men a relish for their salt junk, was generally the last half-hour in the forenoon watch, or the moment preceding their dinner. The men had thus so favourable an opportunity afforded them to animadvert on the punishment inflicted on their comrade, that one would almost suppose that period of the day had been selected for the purpose. The question, as to the policy of corporal punishment, has been discussed at much length of late, but I fear the energies of the angry controvertists have been influenced more by party feelings, than the warm impulse of humanity. Be this as it may, there is one material evil in the existing order of things, which I think might be remedied. In the military service, an offending culprit



cannot be punished except by sentence of a court-martial; whereas, in our naval jurisprudence, the power vested in the captain is absolute, or nearly so; and instances must have often occurred wherein the commander would have preferred the sanction of a Court of Inquiry, to the painful alternative of being himself obliged to bring, perhaps a brave man, to the gangway, upon the responsibility of his own judgment. It may be said, that a council of officers cannot be so easily convened at sea; but in reply to such an observation, I am satisfied to confine my views on the subject to the smallest class of our men-of-war—the ten-gun brigs, for instance. In them we have a captain, two lieutenants, a master, and, with very few exceptions, if any, one midshipman at least, eligible to discharge the duties of a commissioned officer. Now, admitting one of the number to be the prosecutor, there would be sufficient to form a court, and the salutary principle of impartial inquiry would be thus encouraged.

When the last glimpse of the Halifax coast had become so faint as to be scarcely distinguishable from the hazy fog-bank, so peculiar to that part of America, the usual gloomy preparations were made for punishment. The officers, in their cocked hats and side-arms, were ranged on the quarter-deck, between the ship's company and the marines. The surgeon, with his assistant, took his usual station upon the right of the captain, and the first lieutenant stood on his left. The prisoner was placed opposite the gratings, guarded by a sentinel. The few days he had been on board had not improved his appearance. His features wore an expression of sadness and despondency, and the keenest observer could not detect the slightest symptom of anger or resentment. It was the calm resignation of a man blighted in hope, and disappointed in his most cherished affections. And yet, with all his meekness, he did not seem to shrink from his impending fate; he evinced no sign of fear, but supported his sickly worn-out frame with firmness and singular placidity. On the order to strip, he steadily advanced two paces towards the temporary platform, and began to undress himself. The death-like silence that prevailed formed a striking contrast to the inward feeling which too plainly betrayed itself in the tell-tale features of many of the crew; their honest sympathies were powerfully awakened in behalf of their old companion, for they felt the degradation he was about to suffer. I did expect that the integrity which had marked the conduct of the Deserter, when he left the ship, would have elicited from the master, whom he had served with fidelity, an observation to mitigate his punishment. I saw the eye of the prisoner once, and only once, directed to that quarter, but it was quickly withdrawn, as if pride had lent a momentary impulse to the bitterness of his shattered feelings.

The article of war was read, and the prisoner was told that his punishment should have been death. Three dozen lashes were then inflicted with mechanical deliberation, on the back of the agonised delinquent. His frame did not even tremble, but I could distinctly see the flesh creep as the torturing weight of the lash fell upon his shoulders. The blood trickled down his back on the handkerchief he had bound round his loins, and after the first twelve lashes, his head reclined on his left shoulder, an attitude it preserved to the end of his punishment.

His career, after he deserted from the ship, was remarkable. Being a native of Scotland, he hastened to that country with his family, and having, by his prudence, amassed a small capital, he established himself as a druggist at Leith. In his younger days, he had served a kind of an apprenticeship to a village practitioner, and the facility of improving the slight knowledge of medicine he had then acquired, enabled him to dispense amongst the poorer classes some acceptable relief, at a small premium. In this pursuit he prospered, and might have continued to do so, but for the following event:—A small vessel put into Leith, and it soon became known that several of her crew were suffering under the debilitating influence of typhus fever. Having left her medical officer at the last port she sailed from, he was induced to offer his services, and unfortunately for him they were too successful. The commander, finding his crew restored to health, without the loss of a single man, offered him the situation of assistant surgeon—an appointment more easily obtained twenty years ago, than at the present day. The vessel was shortly after ordered to Halifax, and B—, under an assumed name, hoped to escape detection, but he was recognised a week after her arrival, and arrested.

The Deserter never again saw his family. He survived his punishment but a few months. He died on our passage to England of a broken heart, and his body was interred in the deep waters of the Atlantic.

## MUSCULAR EXERCISE.

THE whole structure of the human body is manifestly designed for action. Even those parts which do not themselves contribute to the production of motion are so constructed as neither to interfere with, nor to be impeded in, their own functions by the most varied movements of the organs of locomotion. On comparing the mechanism of vegetables with that of animals, moreover, we find in the latter not only provision for many functions entirely wanting in the other, but additional or widely different organs to perform functions common to both classes of beings, but incapable of accomplishment by the same means in both; and we find that adaptation to a state of motion invariably characterises these organs.

Such is the admirable relation of function to structure, that the due performance of the former is the chief means of preserving the latter in health and vigour. Within certain limits, the exertion of an organ renders it more and more fit to carry on its appropriate functions, the supply of strength being proportionate to the demands made upon it. Nor is this all. With that wonderful economy of means observable in every department of nature, the action of one organ is made subservient to the performance of the functions of other organs, each rendering assistance to the rest, and in its turn deriving aid from them. Hence, the habitual inactivity of an organ is injurious not only to itself, but ultimately to the whole body.

But while inaction weakens, by suffering the organic powers to remain dormant, excess of action brings on the same result more rapidly by exhausting those powers. The force possessed by every organ is limited, and derived from extraneous sources. It is the final object of the vital processes to produce and distribute to all parts of the living machine the forces which enable them to perform their functions, and which, constantly expending, are as constantly renewed; but it is possible to expend them faster than they are renewed, and if this habitually takes place, the whole body, including the sources of animal power, is weakened, and radically injured.

But how, it may be asked, is the due medium between inactivity and exertion to be ascertained? Are there any fixed rules universally applicable which dictate the amount of exertion, less or more than which will be detrimental to well-being? No: such rules neither exist nor can be constructed. Amid the infinite diversities of human constitutions, where can we find a standard to which all must conform? Yet, there is a rule, instinctive and infallible, which we may obey with perfect safety, and which is liable to no exceptions. It is *sensation*.

Muscles constitute a large proportion of the body, and are the principal instruments of voluntary motion. It is, therefore, highly desirable to maintain them in vigour and soundness; for which purpose it is not enough that they are nourished by blood, formed from abundant and wholesome food, and protected from external injury: it is needful, also, that they should perform their functions in a manner, and to an extent, conformable to their structure and strength. Wanting this, their size diminishes, they become feeble, less capable of carrying into execution the dictates of the will, and of communicating pleasure and enjoyment to the mind. At the same time all the rest of the body suffers, and many most important processes are performed with less vigour and regularity.

The distribution of the blood is liable to great variations. The vital fluid is not diffused equally in every part of the system, nor is the same quantity sent to the same organ under all circumstances. The wisdom of this arrangement is obvious. Blood is essential to the performance of function, and in proportion to the exertion of any organ is the supply of blood which it requires and receives. Accordingly the circulation is, to a considerable extent, regulated by the condition of the various organs, always tending to those which are in a state of action, and from those which remain in comparative inactivity.

From this it follows that the exertion of an organ must excite and stimulate all its parts. The blood-vessels especially perform their functions with a higher degree of vigour than before: the absorbents and capillary arteries proceed more rapidly with their work of renovation; effete particles are removed and fresh ones abstracted from the vital current to supply their place. Thus the process of nutrition goes on; the organ receives an accession to its size and strength, and becomes more capable of executing its functions.

Of this effect of exercise upon the muscles we have many familiar proofs. That, as a general rule, the limbs of those who are engaged in laborious occupations greatly exceed in power those of persons whose employments are sedentary, and require little muscular exertion, is a fact universally known, and for which the foregoing statements satisfactorily account.

Exercise is beneficial to the bones, which perform so essential a part in voluntary motion, in the same manner and to the same extent as to the muscles.

The organs of vegetative life are in close proximity to the centre of the circulation, and never cease to carry on their functions. If, then, the muscles are suffered to remain inactive, the blood is directed chiefly towards them, or, if the mind is much employed, towards the brain. Now blood is the specific stimulus to many of the internal organs, and consequently, if they receive too abundant a supply, they are either oppressed or stimulated to violent and destructive action. Should the brain be thus situated, the nervous system is unduly excited, and obtains a vicious predominance; morbid sensibility comes on, and hypochondriasis, hysteria, or mania even, may be the fearful result. Health and life, indeed, depend on the proper and equal distribution of the blood, and whatever tends to disturb it should be carefully avoided as of most injurious tendency.

The influence of exercise upon the circulation explains, also, why men incessantly engaged in severe manual labour become less sensitive and less capable of mental exertion. This is the effect of excessive muscular action, which determines the blood principally to the limbs, and leaves the nervous system without an adequate supply of stimulus.

The celerity of the circulation is, in a great measure, regulated by the degree of muscular exertion. "Whenever a muscle contracts so as to have its ends brought nearer to each other, its belly is proportionately increased in thickness, and it is evident, that in this change of form all the tubes that pass through the muscles, or are in contact with them, will be compressed, and the motion of their contents accelerated." In this case, the blood is often exposed to the action of the various depurating organs, and thus becomes better able to carry on the vital processes, while, being distributed more abundantly, the vigour of the whole frame is increased. The effect of exercise on respiration may be cited as an illustration of those remarks. Every one must have observed that when walking briskly the inspirations are far fuller; in other words, that the lungs are more completely filled with air, than when the limbs are in a state of rest, and that, at the same time, respiration is quickened. By reference to the account given, in a previous paper, of the production of animal heat, it will be seen that the foregoing statement explains why exercise increases the heat of the body, excites perspiration, and thus calls into beneficial action the skin and other secreting organs.

The later stages of digestion are greatly facilitated by moderate exercise. The movements of the abdominal muscles occasioned by respiration, by pressing upon the intestines, assist the action of their muscular coats in propelling their contents; and these movements become more frequent and vigorous during exertion.

This brief exposition of the uses of exercise is sufficient to show its importance as a means of preserving health. That, however, it is seldom employed amongst us so as to render it subservient to this end, there can be little doubt. On one side we see millions worn out with excessive toil, every bone and muscle being exerted to the utmost; on the other, thousands whose occupations are of a

sedentary kind, and whose limbs never knew fatigue. The former class is beyond our reach. It would little avail to tell the exhausted labourer that the amount of daily toil which he performs is detrimental to his health: for him there is no alternative. But, generally speaking, the other class has some portion of time which might be devoted to invigorating exercise. For them, and the young of all ranks and classes, the following practical observations are, therefore, more especially intended.

The instinct of children excites them to incessant motion of some kind or other, and to its guidance their exercise may safely be committed. Pain is the invariable concomitant of long-continued muscular contraction, and is the monitor designed by nature to warn us, in a manner seldom disregarded, when to desist from exertion:—it is the infallible rule furnished by sensation. Let, then, the child gambol in its cheerfulness without needless restraint, nor endeavour to confine its limbs, restless and buoyant with new-felt existence, within any prescribed limits. The mode of action, also, as well as its degree, should be left to the instinct of children. Crawling is the first mode of progression, and the only one adapted to the condition of the organs of locomotion in infants. Their bones have not yet acquired the degree of hardness sufficient to enable them to support the weight of the body, and if they are compelled by such devices as go-carts and leading-strings to stand or walk upright, the consequence is, that their limbs become crooked and permanently deformed, involving a great loss of power and facility of motion.

During childhood and youth, there is in healthy persons a strong tendency to rapid and energetic movements, indulgence in which is indispensable for the full development of the body. The various games in which the young love to engage are highly conducive, in the main, to this desirable object; but it often happens that the spirit of rivalry, or the excitement to which such amusements give rise, impels to greater exertions than are proper, and causes the feeling of fatigue, which should be the signal for instant cessation, to be disregarded.

The exercises of girls, indeed, are seldom liable to this objection. Whatever may be the case with the children of the labouring classes, girls in the middle and higher ranks of society scarcely ever undergo greater fatigue than that occasioned by a slow walk of a few hundred yards in length, which produces hardly one of the beneficial effects of duly regulated exercise. Conventional notions of propriety and gentility are suffered to interfere to a lamentable extent with comfort and happiness, the end being wholly overlooked in anxiety about some of the means. These remarks apply more especially to girls at school, whose education, as it is called, is too often carried on in utter disregard of its effects upon the health and constitution, their time being exclusively occupied in the acquisition of accomplishments which, however valuable in themselves, are assuredly not worth the sacrifice of health, too often, however, made.

It is to be earnestly hoped, that ere long the necessity of comprising physical training, as well as mental cultivation, in every science of education, will be distinctly recognised and acted upon. Gymnastics have at various times of late attracted considerable attention in this country; but the subject is far from being sufficiently understood or appreciated. If we regard gymnastics as a science which teaches the best means of developing and strengthening the body in all the circumstances of age and sex, its great importance will readily be acknowledged. And viewing education to be such a training of the whole human being as will enable it to secure the greatest sum of individual happiness, it must be apparent that gymnastics ought to form a prominent part of education. Were this actually the case, and were the young duly instructed in its principles as well as practice, many of the evils which now result from their ignorance of the laws of the animal economy would be prevented. Youthful games might then be so regulated, as to prevent the excessive exertion which they too often involve, and each would be taught to choose for himself such exercises as were best adapted to be beneficial to him. The weak would not enter into competition with the strong, nor would the strong endeavour to accomplish feats beyond their powers.

When man attains to maturity, much of the restlessness which

had previously characterised him disappears. Absorbed in the cares and anxieties of the world, he is apt to forget present convenience and comfort, and seldom pays much attention to anything that is not more or less directly connected with his occupation. Hence, should that occupation not necessitate a sufficient degree of exercise, he will probably suffer for want of it. At all events, exercise is no longer attended to for its own sake, and is practised neither regularly nor methodically, so as to derive from it the greatest possible advantage. A short daily walk to and from the place of business may, indeed, be taken, and that, perhaps, since time is valuable, with laudable rapidity; but only a portion of the muscles is called into great activity by this means. There are many, however, who do not even so far exert themselves, but out of tenderness to their limbs, or of an acute sense of the worth of every moment, throw away almost the only opportunity they may enjoy of taking exercise, and employ other means of locomotion than those with which nature has furnished them. Or, it not unfrequently happens, that the man or woman who scarcely stirs beyond the threshold of the house throughout the rest of the week, wears every limb by unvented exertion on what should be the day of rest—a plan the reverse of beneficial. Exercise, to yield its full and most valuable fruits, must give play to the whole muscular system, and be habitual and moderate. We cannot make up for a long season of inactivity by short periods of excessive exertion: on the contrary, the evils induced by the former will only be aggravated by so foolish a proceeding.

No stronger motive than this can be presented to such persons to induce them to follow a plan more conducive to health, viz., that the moments they may appropriate to the preservation of health by means of exercise will be far more than repaid by enabling them to make better use of the time spent in business or study. As already pointed out, want of exercise not only diminishes the energy of the muscular system, but acts in a similar manner upon the brain also, which thus becomes less capable of performing the immense labours imposed upon it with facility and precision. He, therefore, who thinks to gain, by devoting every moment to his occupation, will assuredly find himself mistaken.

Exercise is needful for those, above all, whose occupations, in addition to being sedentary, consist in mental toil. In this case the blood is distributed chiefly to the nervous system, and unless the equilibrium of the circulation be regularly restored by sufficient muscular exertion, the mind can hardly escape injury any more than the body. The dyspepsia, so common among students and literary men, is the result of the two-fold operation of mental excitement and muscular inactivity, the former of which is much increased by the latter. It is a short-sighted economy of time which saves hours, and thereby occasions the loss of weeks and months.

There are many absurd conventionalisms in this country which limit the opportunities of females for taking exercise. In some ranks of society, for instance, it is regarded as highly indecorous for women to go into public places alone; a notion which doubtless confines many at home at times when they would gladly be more healthfully engaged abroad in the open air. There are, again, certain prescribed modes of motion, to depart from which would be pronounced *unladylike*—a fearful epithet, capable of restraining all but the most free and careless.

Our current notions respecting set muscular exercises are somewhat analogous to those respecting education. The latter is considered completely finished when the period of tasks and birchings is over; all that remains to be done being to forget, as speedily as may be, most of the acquirements which had been so laboriously and unwillingly made. In like manner, gymnastics are regarded as belonging exclusively to the period of youth, and utterly beneath the dignity of maturer years. The man who should be discovered jumping or leaping, for the mere sake of exercise, would be set down as eccentric at the least, and hardly fit to be trusted with the management of grave affairs; while a lady detected in a similar situation would run some risk of being excluded from genteel society.

The absurdity of all this is too transparent to need exposure; to introduce a more rational state of things would be rather more difficult than to show the necessity for a change. All we can do is to exhort our readers, old as well as young, female as well as male, to disregard such prejudices, and consult their own welfare by taking such exercise as will bring into regular and moderate play the whole muscular system: it would be strange if the improvement in their health and appearance did not induce all who observed it to follow their example.

Exercise is most beneficial when taken in the open air, but where this is not attainable, there is no necessity for foregoing exercise altogether. Numerous modes of combining healthful exertion with amusement, suitable for being practised within-doors, may easily be devised, and should be resorted to whenever the state of the weather or other circumstances may render it unadvisable to go out.

In using exercise, as in using every other means of good, some restrictions and cautions are needful, to the chief of which it will be useful to direct our readers' attention.

The first and most general of these has been already stated. As soon as muscular exertion gives rise to a painful feeling of fatigue, discontinue it: the feeling is expressly designed as a warning that the bounds of moderation have been exceeded, and to persist in going on under such circumstances will exhaust and weaken the frame far more than the previous exercise could invigorate it. A single day of unusual exertion, continued in spite of this natural monition, has been known to bring on almost immediate death, or so to exhaust the vital powers as to undermine the constitution, and lead in a few months' time to the same catastrophe. It cannot be too often repeated that exercise is beneficial only when in proportion to the muscular strength.

In warm weather, exercise should be gentle, and not long continued; the best time for it being early in the morning or after sunset. Heat attracts the blood to the surface of the body, and thus accomplishes one of the principal uses of exercise, which in such cases often causes profuse and debilitating perspiration.

Persons of relaxed fibre and corpulent habit should not engage in any violent exercises. Their muscles possess little energy, and may easily be radically weakened. Great exertion sometimes brings upon such persons dangerous inflammations.

Since exercise acts so powerfully upon the animal economy, it will readily be conceived that in many states of disease it may be highly injurious, and such is indeed the fact. The directions of the physician on this point ought, therefore, to be scrupulously adhered to.

After a long period of repose, exercise should at first be gentle, and gradually increased in energy as the necessary change in the circulation takes place. If, for example, on leaving home shortly after rising from bed, we begin at once to walk briskly, a very sharp pain is often experienced in the legs, owing to there not yet being a sufficient volume of blood in them to keep up such rapid muscular contractions.

Profound thought cannot be carried on simultaneously with exercise, especially in the open air. The statements contained in this article render the reason sufficiently manifest. The attempt, therefore, ought not to be made. "Nothing," says Cabanis, "diminishes the vital powers more directly and radically than simultaneous and strenuous efforts in contrary directions: for these unnatural struggles consume a much greater quantity of strength than the several actions performed separately would require; and, besides, every inefficacious endeavour, even though it employ but little strength, exhausts the natural powers more than very great efforts when they are completely successful."<sup>\*</sup>

Few of the beneficial results of well-regulated gymnastic exercises can be derived from those of an athletic kind, which consist in a system of training for qualifying men to combat in various ways with one another, and which does certainly succeed, by the excessive application of stimuli, in bringing rapidly to the highest degree of force the whole muscular system; a state of things, however, which the means employed to bring it about effectually prevent being of long duration. Athletic regimen augments only the grosser powers of the body, and diminishes the probabilities of a long life, either by determining towards the muscles a considerable part of the power of action destined for the nervous system, or by exposing the body to new causes of destruction. The ancient philosophers and physicians strongly condemned the art of training as practised among the athlete, who are described by Plato as dull, listless, and stupid, subject to numerous diseases, the result of cultivating nothing but a robust body, and leaving the mind completely neglected: and of whom Galen asserts, that they seldom remained in good condition for more than five years. In fact, it is impossible to maintain the animal economy in full vigour without the due exercise of all its parts, and to neglect the cultivation of the mind is to leave in comparative inactivity the centre of the nervous system, on the condition of which, as we have elsewhere shown, every function of the vegetative, as well as of the animal life, is more or less dependent.

\* "Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme," vol. ii. p. 99.



## ACCOUNT OF A TORNADO.

THE following very interesting account of a remarkable storm which occurred in the county of Alleghany, in the state of New York, is copied from the number for July last of Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts. The recent investigations of Col. Reid as to the law of storms, has given a double interest to phenomena at all times impressing the human mind with a visible and awful evidence of the Divine power that "rides upon the wings of the wind;" now that scientific inquiry has been directed to the subject, it becomes important that every fact tending to illustrate it should be noted and recorded, as by such means alone can we arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

Having visited and examined the scene of the tornado, so well described by Mr. Willis Gaylord, of Otisco, Onondaga Co., N.Y., in the *Genesee Farmer*, Nov. 10, 1838, we also can bear witness to the tremendous devastation which that whirlwind produced.

We were on the ground in September, about two months after the event. Before the tornado, a region of four or five hundred acres had been covered by a dense forest of pine-trees, many of them very tall and large; roads had been cut through this forest, and a few solitary houses had been planted in it here and there. Now we looked in vain, over the whole tract, for a single perfect tree. Those which had not been uprooted, or broken in two near the ground, were shivered and twisted off at different elevations, leaving only a portion of a shattered trunk, so that not a single tree-top, and hardly a single branch, were found standing in the air; there were, instead, only mutilated stems, presenting a striking scene of desolation, whereon our eyes ranged over the now almost empty aerial space. On the ground, the appearances were still more remarkable. The trees were interwoven in every possible way, so as to form a truly military abattis of the most impassable kind; nor immediately after the gale could any progress be in fact made through the gigantic thickets of entangled trunks and branches, without the labour of bands of pioneers, who cut off the innumerable logs that choked every avenue. We had before seen many avenues made through forests by winds, prostrating the trees, and laying them down in the direction of its course; but never had we seen such a perfect desolation by a gyratory movement, before which the thick and lofty forest, and the strongest-framed buildings, vanished in an instant, and their ruins were whirled irresistibly around like flying leaves or gossamer.

Still, it was truly wonderful that people were buried in the ruins of their houses, and travellers, with their horses and cattle, were exposed to this driving storm of trees which literally filled the air, and still not a single life was lost, although some persons were wounded.

We were assured that this wind had marked a track of devastation for twenty miles or more; but this was the scene of its greatest ravages. Two or three miles from this place we saw the wing of a house which had been moved quite around, so as to form a right angle with its former position, and still the building was not broken. — *Eds. Silliman's Journ.*

"On the afternoon of the 25th July, 1838," says Mr. Gaylord, "a violent tornado passed over part of the county of Alleghany, N.Y., rarely equalled in its destructive effects, and giving a most striking illustration of the peculiar movements of the wind in their aerial currents. It was noticed in some of the journals of the time, but happening to cross its route in passing up the Genesee valley in the succeeding month, we were so much interested with the appearance as to be induced to prepare the following sketch for the readers of the *Farmer*.

"The first appearance of severe wind was, as we learned, in the town of Rushford, some fifteen miles from the place where we observed its effects. The day was hot and sultry, and the course of the gale was from the N. of W. to S. of East. At its commencement in Rushford, it was only a violent thundergust, such as is frequently experienced; but it soon acquired such force as to sweep, in places, everything before it. In its passage the same violence was not at all times exerted; some places seemed wholly passed over, while in the same direction, and at only a small distance, whole forests were crushed. In the language of one who had suffered much from the gale, 'it seemed to move by bounds, sometimes striking, and sometimes receding from the earth,' which indeed was most likely the case.

"It passed the Genesee river in the town of Belfast, a few miles below Angelica, and its fury was here exerted on a space of country perhaps a mile, or a mile and a half in width. The

country here is settled and cleared along the river, but the road passes at a little distance from the river, and at this point wound through one of the finest pine-woods to be found in the stream. Of course, when it came over the higher lands from the N.W., the tornado crossed the river and the plain, before encountering the groves of pine. In the space occupied by the central part of the tornado, say three-fourths of a mile in width, nothing was able to resist its fury. Strong-framed houses and barns were crushed in an instant, and their fragments and contents as quickly scattered to every point of the compass; while those out of the direct line were only unroofed, or more or less damaged. Large oaks and elms were literally twisted off, or crushed like reeds.

"The road from the north approached the pine-woods on what was the northern verge of the tornado, and the first appearance of the country in front was that of woodlands, in which all the trees had been broken off at the height of twenty or thirty feet, leaving nothing but countless mutilated trunks. On entering the narrow passway, however, which with immense labour had been opened through the fallen trunks, it was perceived that much the largest part of the trees had been torn up by the roots, and lay piled across each other in the greatest apparent confusion imaginable. Fortunately for our view of the whole ground, a few days before our arrival, fire had been put in the 'windfall,' and, aided by the extreme dry weather, the whole was burned over so clean, that nothing but the blackened trunks of the trees were remaining, thus disclosing their condition and position most perfectly. This position was such as to demonstrate, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the fact that the tornado had a rotary motion against the sun, and in perfect accordance with the course which we, in a former volume of the *Farmer*, have ascribed to such electric aerial currents; a theory first developed by Mr. Redfield of New York.

"The first tree we met with prostrated by the tornado, was a large pine, which lay with its top exactly to the N. of W., or precisely against the general course of the storm. Hundreds of others lay nearly in the same direction on the outer part of the whirl, but immediately after entering, the fallen timber, the heads of the trees, began to incline to the centre of the space torn down, and south of this the inclination was directly the reverse until the outside of the whirl was reached, when they all lay with their tops to the east. This almost regular position of the fallen timber was most distinct in the bottom courses, or that which was first blown down, those that resisted the longest being, as was to be expected, pitched in the most diverse directions. That there was also an upward spiral motion, causing a determination of the rushing air to the centre of the whirl, would appear probable from the fact that articles from the buildings destroyed were carried high in the air, and then apparently thrown out of the whirl into the common current; and also from the fact that a large majority of the trees both to the south and the north of the centre of the gale lay with their heads inclined to that point, while the centre was marked by the greatest confusion imaginable. A diagram, formed of a continued succession of circles moving from the right to the left, would illustrate the position of the trees first uprooted, as they lay as when first crushed by the approach of the whirlwind.

"Many curious facts illustrative of the force of the wind were related by the inhabitants in and near the place. A farmer attempted to drive his team of horses to the barn, but the tempest was too soon upon him. When the rush was over, and it was but seemingly a moment, he found the barn torn to pieces, himself about thirty rods in one direction from it, and his horses as many rods the other, and, what was most remarkable, with scarcely a fragment of harness upon them. A waggon was blown away, and a month afterwards one of its wheels was not found. A house standing near the Genesee river, and a little out of the line of the gale, was completely covered with mud that must have been taken from the bed of the river; and appearances render it very evident that, near the centre of the whirl, the water was entirely taken from the channel."

Many circumstances attendant upon this tornado were remarkably similar to the phenomena observed in a storm which took place in the neighbourhood of Stanmore, in the county of Middlesex, on the 20th April, 1818, an account of which was published by Col. Beaufoy, who witnessed it. The rotary motion of the blast was very apparent, and its progress was, like that above described, not uniform, but, to use Col. Beaufoy's words, "as it were by jumps, leaving intervals between the various points of contact of sometimes a hundred yards and upwards." Such coincidences are worthy of notice, each additional fact serving to strengthen the conclusions already drawn from other observations.

## BIGOTRY.

DR. JOHNSON, in casual conversation, one day, on the subject of Toleration, said, "I have got no farther than this: every man has a right to utter what he thinks Truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it. *Martyrdom is the test.*"

Alas for the world, if it could not get any farther than Dr. Johnson! The world of England, however, has advanced a little farther, though only of recent years, and long after the Doctor died. We, who, some thirty or forty years ago, were considerably behind the people of the United States, in this respect, are now considerably in advance of them. A man might, indeed, point to one or two of our leading newspapers, and ask if they give any indication of our being one inch farther advanced than Dr. Johnson was himself? And yet, notwithstanding the daily thunders which we hear, sounding like the growlings of caged wild beasts, who would bite if they could—notwithstanding the appeals to old prejudices, and slumbering feelings, perpetually made by those who *know* better to those who know less—we are quite satisfied that England has made a great advance, and that in no other country are the true principles of religious freedom beginning to be better understood, or more freely to be acted upon.

Bigotry is of no particular creed, sect, party, faith, or belief. It is produced by the combination of self-will and self-conceit acting on ignorance; and no matter what a man's *principles* may be, if he be an ignorant, self-willed, self-conceited man, he *will* be a bigot; and if he should possess power, he will probably become a persecutor. It is only as a man begins to know himself, that he begins truly to know other people; and it is only as men mingle with each other, that they learn to weigh their own prejudices by the prejudices of others, and to strike a balance between them. Now, this process is going on every day, in spite even of ourselves. Our facilities of intercourse, mere mechanical contrivances, so to speak, and ministers but to the outward sense and observation, are yet silently breaking down all those odious prejudices and passions which formerly distorted men's vision. There is enough of pride, enough of prejudice, and enough of ignorance amongst us, to induce us to go to war with France; and probably in France there are the same evils in stronger force, which would induce them to go to war with us. But we can hardly doubt that it must be a real cause—a potent cause—which would induce the two countries to enter the lists with each other. Our sailors, to be sure, still "hate the French" with something of the old British spirit; the influence of "brass money and wooden shoes" is not altogether dead with them. But our sailors, also, maintain their relative position *behind* the other classes (except the agricultural) of British society; however often, like Anson, they may have gone round the world, the greater portion can still say they have never been in it. So of the people of the United States. But a very few years ago, our most popular and leading periodicals were in the habit of depreciating their character and institutions; and amongst the people of the United States themselves, there existed a morbid, a rabid feeling of aversion towards this country. See what two or three years have done! See what steam has done, and is doing!

But we said that we were behind the people of the United States some thirty or forty years ago, in the matter of bigotry, and that we are in advance of them now. It is true. When the United States' government was formed and founded, and for years afterwards, the tone of public opinion was taken from the men who established the republic—the people were proud of being *free*. But as the population rapidly increased, the emigrants from the old world, who brought with them aversions, prejudices, and ignorance and the children of the "men of the revolution," who

grew up faster than education overtook them, found themselves in possession of power, while deficient in that knowledge and reflection by which power can be justly used. Proud of their power, self-willed in its exercise, and but half-enlightened as to its proper use, this combination of self-conceit and self-will, acting upon a half-ignorant population, has made the people of the United States a *bigoted* people, even while possessing in government and law as perfect forms of toleration as the world has yet seen. Though, some years ago, a man might lose his standing in society, or even his means of living, in this country, by the utterance of certain opinions, differing from the public around him, yet now opinions can be far more freely breathed in Great Britain than they can in the United States. The people of the United States carefully practise the maxim, and carry it to an injurious extreme, that it is safer to think what you say, than to say what you think; unless when opposing parties abuse each other, and then they say more than they think, and think less than they say. Time will cure this evil, by enabling education to overtake the people: but meantime conditions are reversed—we, who in Great Britain have, in many respects, much that is intolerant in the framework of government and society, practically enjoy a more complete toleration than do the people of the United States, with their almost perfect framework of universal freedom—excepting slavery.

And what is bigotry? Simply an unreasoning attachment to any party or opinion in religion, politics, or literature, coupled with the *disposition* to put down any opposing opinion. Bigotry belongs to uninstructed human nature; and uninstructed human nature is always disposed to overvalue itself, and undervalue its neighbours. But mere ignorance does not make good bigotry. It is the half-enlightened man who presents the best materials for the formation of a bigot. Take a man whose natural temperament tends towards an over-weening estimation of his own importance; let him be a half-instructed person, so that he sees men but as "trees walking;" inspire him with a deep-rooted impression of the great value of certain opinions, and add to this a strong infusion of self-will; and you will turn out as nice a bigot as you could wish. Put power into that man's hands, and then you will see how he will use anybody who wags a tongue against him! Or, if you want bigots of another class, take individuals of similar temperament, but instead of being self-willed, let them be timid and fearful; pluck out whatever hearts they have, by constant appeals to their timidity and their fears; magnify *names* into gigantic shadows, and get them to start at ideas, as cowards do, in the dark, at the waving of a bush—then you have persons who will consent to the passing of penal laws, and the practice of any species of injustice against that internal liberty with which God has made all men free. We speak not now of those who have an *interest* in the perpetration or the perpetuation of such injustice. Selfishness is the root of all monopolies, and sooner or later a selfish monopoly commits suicide, or is put to death, if it does not expire naturally, before violent hands are laid upon it.

All men should, in a certain sense, be *missionaries*: that is, they should be, within their respective circles, the propagators of what they consider to be truth. A man should give up the name of man, who has no opinions fixed enough to enable him to listen to what may be urged against them, and to which he is sufficiently attached to enable him to defend them calmly and rationally, when assailed. But that man, also, should give up the name of man, who is so intemperately attached to his opinions, that he cannot rest without throwing dirt in the face of his neighbour who chooses to differ from him. And yet how much of this is still practised! Men, bearing not merely the honoured name of Christians, but of ministers of Christ, stand up, and heap the most revolting accusa-



tions on the heads of their neighbours, and then back their accusations by ludicrous perversions of Scripture; and crowded assemblies are sometimes found to applaud the unmanly, the un-Christian conduct! "Charity suffereth long, and is kind;" bigotry suffereth little, and is cruel. Brave men seldom bluster, but blusters are generally cowards. These roaring bigots, who clamour in the hour of peace, would probably be dumb in the hour of trial; and if Truth really *were* in danger, her bravest champions would not be found amongst the trembling creatures, who are alarmed lest some particular party should arise, which, like Aaron's serpentine rod, is destined to swallow up all the rest.

We are not free from the danger of power passing into the hands of bigotry, and we are therefore not altogether free from the danger of *persecution*. But though persecution is possible, it is not very probable. Taking religious parties, there are now a greater number of enlightened individuals in *all* of them than ever there were, and these will constitute a balancing public opinion which will check the tendencies of the unreasoning portion. The party which has the greatest number of adherents is most likely to have the greatest number of bigots, because it will have a large number of partisans who take their opinions on trust, and who, ignorant of their own nature, and of the feelings and prejudices of their fellows, are most liable to the temptation of propagating their opinions by objectionable means. But amongst *all* parties, there are enough of enlightened and truly good men, sufficient to render quite improbable any approach to anything like persecution; and we may therefore sleep in peace, without dreading that the time is at hand when it will be said to us—

"As you declare you won't believe, its fit that you should burn;  
And as your fellows have been burnt, that you should blaze in turn.  
And as you've disobeyed the will of God and of St. Paul,  
Which ne'er was found within your heart, nor passed your teeth at all,  
The fire is lit, the pitch is hot, and ready is the stake,  
That through these tortures, for your sins, your passage you may take."

Reverting to Dr. Johnson's "half" opinion, or rather his combination of a truth and a fallacy, we may observe, first, that the perfection of toleration consists in men being allowed to utter what they think truth, and the bigots being prevented from knocking them down for it; and, second, that martyrdom is *no* test of truth. Martyrdom may prove a man to be sincere; but though sincerity is necessary to a believer and a propagator of truth, it can no more prove anything to be true, than insincerity proves truth to be false. "What a paradox," exclaims Mr. Bucke, "I am about to assert! *Many atrocious actions have been honestly committed!* Yet on this ground, and this only, can the entire history of religious persecution be, in the slightest degree, justified. Fanaticism is more cruel than ignorance; and more lofty in moral pretence, but more detestable in practice, than even military tyranny itself, since it renders the human mind capable of anything. *It is not confined to one religion.*"\*

Men, in society, were intended to resemble the solar system; each individual is a little world, revolving on its own axis, and moving in its own orbit, yet all revolving round a common centre of law, order, and association. But bigots interfere with this harmony, by crossing the orbits of their fellow men; they would monopolise thought and opinion, and would endeavour to shape the human mind into a uniformity, while the human countenance and the human stature are proclaiming, from day to day, that the attempt is vain. But we must not confine our censures to religious bigots; the bigots of socialism have taken up the ball where the bigots of religion have been leaving it, and they, too, are trying the hopeless experiment of shaping the human mind to a certain standard!

The prompting cause of these observations being thrown together was this. Turning over a collection of old tracts the other day, we paused to read, "A Journal of Travels from New Hamp-

shire to Caratuck, on the continent of North America, by George Keith, A. M., late Missionary from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, and now Rector of Edburton, in Sussex: 1706." Mr. Keith had been a Quaker, and had been one of Penn's leading men in the settlement of Pennsylvania; he wrote and spoke in favour of the Quakers; but his self-importance having received some wound, he abandoned their cause, joined the Church of England, and was sent back to America as a Missionary. He had scarcely landed in Boston, before he preached and printed a sermon which involved him in controversy with the famous Dr. Increase Mather, father of the no less famous Cotton Mather: he appears to have been one of those earnest *roaring* men to whose souls controversy is quite a balm. But nothing delighted him better than to rouse, and if possible, to rout, a Quaker's meeting. He would not have omitted attending one of their meetings for any consideration; it was a special portion of his self-imposed duties, he considered himself destined to open the mouths of the "silent ones," and compel them to speak. At times, they tried the "silent system," and "answered him never a word," which used to provoke their assailant, though he would go off exclaiming, that he was unanswered because he was unanswerable. At other times, they would tell him he had no business to disturb them—but in doing so, they only gave him occasion to hold forth for a longer period, now wondering at their audacity, and now deploring their obstinacy.

His assaults on the Quakers form the chief portion of his journal, though, when, by chance, he lit upon an "Anabaptist," he would endeavour to extinguish him—one he overthrew in argument, and he records the matter with as much chuckling satisfaction, as if he had drowned the poor "Dipper" in a water-butt. On one occasion, the Quakers plainly told him that he was guilty of "a breach of the act of toleration by which their meetings were held." Mr. Keith had a companion with him, who acted as his squire. Thus does the ardent controversialist tell his story:—"Mr. Myles said I ought to be heard, I being a missionary into these American parts, by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, sent on purpose to reduce the Quakers from their errors, the which society hath a patent from the crown of England; and not to hear me, nor suffer me to speak, was a contempt of supreme authority! Some of the Quakers having said, that Mr. Myles affirmed, I was sent by the queen [Queen Anne], I told them I had no immediate mission from the queen, and I knew not that ever the queen had heard of me. But remotely and mediately, my mission was from the queen, it being from the honourable society who had a patent from the crown."

This rich specimen of impudence—of "pride which apes humility," and logic that might baffle a Jesuit—may amuse the reader. Yet Mr. Keith seems to have been an earnest and an active man, on perfectly good terms with himself, and thoroughly persuaded that he was in the path of duty. The heat of his busy self-importance was continually evaporating his judgment; and though clever, he was too volatile and versatile to make a sound thinker. He presents a specimen of the essential difference between the genuine missionary and the factitious one. Both may be equally *earnest*—but the earnestness of the one is tempered by a fine spirit of humanity, while the earnestness of the other is a mere knock-down and trample-down enthusiasm, which, having very little feeling of its own, cares very little for the feeling of others. The genuine missionary studies the prejudices of men, not to *insult* them, but to humour them, with the view, if possible, to soften or remove them. Like his great Exemplar, nothing rouses his indignation, but hypocrisy and vice—he bears with mental weaknesses, he mourns over ignorance and folly. But the factitious missionary is a mere "roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour." His own self-importance is the grand stimulator of his labours—were his own glory not the centre round which all his exertions revolve, the world would hear very little of his trials, and his sacrifices, and his prodigious toils, and his wonderful speeches, and his all-conquering debates.

\* Bucke's Book of Human Character.

## THE NEW CONCERN.

THE New Concern is always opened in one of the newest and most elegant streets in the City, and the particular building in which it is situated is generally the most elegant in it—the flower of the flock.

The outer door, which is a folding one, is a splendid affair. It is covered with crimson cloth, and studded round with clustering, glittering brass nails. It has a couple of massive brass handles, of the newest and most elegant pattern; and in the centre two large oval panes of thick plate glass, set in frames of brass-work. That door alone cost thirty guineas. Projecting over the doorway is a gorgeous lamp, about the size of a porter's head, magnificently dim with coloured glass, and surmounted by a Chinese pagoda, some eight or ten feet high, shining with burnished gold. Set down that lamp, if you please, at fifty guineas—it can't have cost a sixpence less.

Pretty well for the outside of the New Concern; now for the in. No falling-off here—everything in keeping. Shining mahogany desks, and polished brass rails, in all directions; splendid writing tables, chairs and carpets conforming; handsome new ledgers, cash-books, and journals, all still rejoicing in virgin purity, scattered up and down the desks. Why, this is a place to do business in, to be sure; mints of money here, no doubt—flourishing concern!—capital business!

At the shining, brass-railed desks are seated three or four clerks, all smart fellows; dandies, in their own way, of the first water. Shirt-collars up to the cheek-bone, and stiff as deal-boards; blue silk cravats, secured in front by splendid gold brooches; massive silver guard-chains; clusters of gold seals at their watches, like so many bunches of grapes; rings on fingers; hands white and delicate. Dashing fellows these! lads who know a trifle or two!—capital hands at doing over a purchaser, and, if he is anything soft, at ledger-damning him in the figuring way.

No wonder they should be sharp; they are in an excellent school; they have first-rate teachers. Here comes one of them—Mr. Diamond, of the firm of Diamond, Khut, Diamond, and Co., the firm whose premises we have been describing. Hear how his boots creak as he crosses the floor! See with what a lordly air he treads the counting-house boards! How he bawls out to his clerks! Why, he must be a great man this! worth a plum at least; for see how large he looks, and how splendidly he is attired!

At first glance, he certainly looks like a gentleman; and so do his clerks: but a little closer observation detects a certain sharper-like expression in the countenances of both the former and the latter, that at once dispels the illusion. They have, both masters and men, a sort of “up-to-trap,” a “do-him-over” kind of look, that cannot be contemplated without alarm.

Notwithstanding the splendours of various kinds that everywhere meet the eye in and about the New Concern, there yet prevails over all a certain hardness and coldness, that impresses you unpleasantly; giving rise, somehow or other, to an idea that all is not right—that, in short, the whole is a bit of splendid quackery. And, in truth, you are not far wrong; for there are some queer stories abroad about the New Concern, relating to certain transactions of a very equivocal nature.

The New Concern, in fact, notwithstanding all its flash, its red folding doors, its Chinese lamp, its mahogany desks, and brass railings—notwithstanding the bold bearing and magnificent style of living of the partners, and the superlative dandyism of its clerks—is looked upon with a suspicious eye. Nobody, indeed, ventures to say much about it, but everybody seems to dread having anything to do with it. There is, in short, a pretty general notion abroad, that “there's something rotten in the state of Denmark;” that the concern is all bubble and squeak—all top, and no bottom. It is a marvel to every one how the New Concern was got up; still greater is the marvel how it contrives to get on; for the first partner was a bankrupt but a year before, the second had nothing, and the third a trifle less.

Yet here they are all, living like princes. The partners have, each of them, splendid domestic establishments; they keep curricles, and give elegant entertainments. The clerks, again, go it in a similar way, although on a reduced scale. They hire gigs and saddle-horses on Sundays, give snug feeds at their lodgings, frequent the theatres, drink brandy-and-water, and play billiards. In short, the whole concern, from top to bottom, have a glorious life of it, if it would only last.

The New Concern pays nobody. There's no such a thing as getting sixpence out of its hands; yet it has such a way of putting off claimants—it does it with such a lordly air, that it manages to

get borne with for an amazing length of time—much longer than an honest firm in difficulties would be endured.

If ever, good reader, you should have the misfortune—which your better stars avert!—to have a claim upon the New Concern, you will find yourself regularly trotted through the following process, and end, after all, in being paid with the figure of 9 with the tail rubbed off.

You call, present your account, and demand payment. One of the clerks, after looking at the document (which he does with as serious an air as if it was really intended to be paid), informs you that he will give notice of the demand to Mr. Diamond, and requests you will call in eight days.

In eight days you call accordingly, and are told by the same clerk that he quite forgot to mention the thing to Mr. Diamond, but will do so without fail to-day, and you may look in in the beginning of the week. You do so; but find the clerk you spoke with on the two former occasions has “just gone out,” and the other clerks know nothing at all about the matter. One of them, however, assures you that he will mention the matter to his brother clerk when he returns.

Here then—that is, at this stage of the business, you have not only made no advance towards your object, but are, in reality, farther from it than ever. You are decidedly retrograding; for you have now only the promise of one clerk that he will mention the thing to another clerk—whereas, at first, you had an assurance that your claim would be carried to head-quarters at once.

Well, in a few days more you call again, when you find both of the clerks whom you spoke with before are absent, and those present know nothing, of course, about either you or your claim. They, however, promise to refresh the memories of their brethren on the subject.

You are thus, you see, still gradually receding from your object, and that, too, with every fresh effort to advance. You are, in fact, being shuffled from hand to hand, somewhat like the celebrated juvenile game of “hunt the slipper.” You are ingeniously carried backward by a process that promises at last to land you with the porter instead of a partner.

During all this time you have repeatedly asked, whether you could not see one of the gentlemen, and have been as repeatedly told that you could not—that none of them are in the way. In fact, by an odd sort of chance, none of them ever *are* in the way when anything is wanted of them, and never out of it when anything is to be given them.

At length, however, by one of those lucky chances that will sometimes happen, you one day catch Mr. Diamond in the counting-house.

“Ah! yes—hem—small account, I see, sir,” says Mr. Diamond, holding the document at arm's-length, as if too paltry an affair to deserve closer consideration. “Why wasn't this presented before, sir?”

“It has been presented at least twenty times, sir.”

“Ah! I never saw it before.”

“Perhaps not; but your clerks have, often enough.”

Mr. Diamond turns indignantly to his clerks, and asks “How's this?”

His clerks don't put their fingers to their noses, but they might—the case would warrant it; but they don't, however—they say they quite overlooked the thing. Mr. Diamond looks very angry, and says it is most unbusiness-like, and begs he may never hear of such negligence again.

Having thus expressed his strong disapprobation of the conduct of his clerks, and warned them to be more attentive in future, he turns to you, and after some hemming and hawing, and cursory glancing at the account, says, “Well, now, about this little affair. Be so good as leave it with me, and I shall look into it. Call again this day week.”

Done over by Mr. Diamond's bold off-hand manner, and especially by his castigation of his clerks—which is particularly gratifying to you, for the rascals have led you a pretty dance,—you bow and simper, promise to call at the appointed time, and vanish from the premises.

At the appointed time you do call, and are informed that Mr. Diamond has gone to the country, and will not be home for a fortnight, and has left no word about your account. He must have forgot it; so the thing must stand over till he returns. Ay, friend! and, as we suspect, a pretty considerable while longer.

Need we go farther with the case of the hapless creditor of the New Concern? We need not—it would be merely a repetition of what has been already set forth, until the grand smash takes place, which lays the New Concern prostrate in the dust.

All the people about the New Concern—partners, porters, and clerks—possess a certain singular gift: this is, an intuitive or instinctive knowledge of duns. They can tell a dun in a moment, even without any previous knowledge of his person; they know him by head-mark; they know him by the cut of his jib; they know him by his footstep before he enters; they know him by the way in which he turns the handle of the door; they know him by the way he opens it, by the way he shuts it, by the very cock of his hat. They, in short, recognise him under circumstances and by means which would afford no other set of men the smallest light on the subject. Their faculty in this way, in truth, is every bit as remarkable, and indeed is very like that which the Indian exhibits in following out a trail; it is marked by the same acuteness, and by the same rapidity and accuracy of combination.

The New Concern—Heaven knows how!—gets on swimmingly for a time; but, alas, it is only for a time! A day of count and reckoning comes at last; and when it does, it is a finisher. The New Concern, however, does not die out, or off, gradually, like other concerns. It goes off smack at once, like a brass field-piece, and leaves no trace behind—not a vestige. Its career is brilliant, but short. Yesterday the New Concern was going on, full tilt; to-day it is all up—doors locked, and birds flown.

For a day or two after the grand finale, several long-faced, melancholy-looking creditors may be seen, like unquiet spirits, flitting about the premises, unable to comprehend exactly what has happened, but evidently under a strong impression that there's something going or gone wrong. The suddenness of the catastrophe, however, puzzles them not a little. Yesterday they saw the New Concern in the full vigour of health and life; to-day they find it, to all appearance, defunct—gone. They cannot understand it!

By-and-by, the creditors, armed with the authority of the law, burst into the deserted premises of the New Concern, to see if there's anything to be had. Fierce of aspect, they rush in, like hungry tigers, and glare on the emptiness within. There is nothing left for them but the brass rails and the pagoda lamp.

And where, pray, are the gentlemen themselves—Messrs. Diamond, Khut, Diamond, and Co.? where these clerks? where all the live part of the concern—those who lived so splendidly on it while it lasted? Who can tell? Nobody; they have vanished, and no man can say whither they have gone, or where they may be found—unless they happen to turn up in the Court of Bankruptcy.

#### MUSICAL MICE.

"On a rainy evening in 1817," says Dr. Archer, of Norfolk, in the United States, "as I was alone in my chamber, I took up my flute, and commenced playing. In a few minutes my attention was directed to a mouse that I saw creeping from a hole, and advancing to the chair in which I was sitting. I ceased playing, and it ran precipitately back to its hole. I began again shortly afterwards, and was much surprised to see it reappear, and take its old position. The appearance of the little animal was truly delightful: it couched itself on the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in ecstasy. I ceased playing, and it instantly disappeared again. This experiment I repeated frequently with the same success, observing that it was always differently affected, as the music varied from the slow and plaintive to the brisk and lively. It finally went off, and all my art could not entice it to return."

A still more remarkable occurrence of the same kind took place, and was communicated to the "Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal," by Dr. Cramer, of Jefferson's county, on the authority of a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who states, that "one evening in the month of December, 1817, as a few officers on board a British man-of-war, in the harbour of Portsmouth, were seated round the fire, one of them began to play a plaintive air on the violin. He had scarcely performed ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the centre of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the attention of the officers, who, with one consent, resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment: it shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed, that, in proportion to the gradation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal appeared to be increased, and *vice versa*. After performing actions which an animal so diminutive would, at first sight, seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the delighted spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired, without evincing any symptoms of pain."—*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds.*

#### VAN DIEMEN'S LAND AND THE PROVINCE OF PORT PHILIP.\*

THE Province of Port Philip occupies the south-east corner of the great island of Australia, and includes within it the fine district, Australia Felix. Opposite the coast of Port Philip, and separated from it by a channel about 120 miles wide, is Van Diemen's Land, which, though an island of respectable size, appears a mere speck when compared with its great neighbour. Port Philip was first settled by emigrants from Van Diemen's Land, and they have therefore a kind of natural connexion, both by relationship and contiguity. We have classed them together in the present article.

We shall begin with Van Diemen's Land; and shall draw chiefly from Mr. Dixon, who has had the good sense to put his "practical experience of nearly ten years' residence in the colony" into the form of a pamphlet of about ninety pages, cheap, and therefore easily accessible. He tells us, that during his residence he was not "a careless desultory observer," and that consequently he is not without claims on public attention. We shall preface our extracts from Mr. Dixon's work by a short introductory passage from the larger work of Mr. Mann:—

"Van Diemen's Land was discovered in the year 1643 by the Dutch navigator, Abel Jansen Tasman, who gave its present name thereto in honour of Anthony Van Diemen, governor of Java and the possessions of that nation in the East Indies, to whose daughter it appears he was betrothed. It was visited by Capt. Furneaux, in the Adventure, in 1773, who accompanied Captain Cook in his second voyage round the world; and ultimately by that celebrated circumnavigator in 1777, during his third voyage, who took in wood and water there: but not having discovered Bass's Straits, supposed it to be the most southern part of New Holland, and expressed himself respecting it in the following terms:—'I hardly need say that it is the southern point of New Holland, which, if it doth not deserve the name of a continent, is by far the largest island in the world.' The island of Van Diemen's Land lies between the parallel of 40° 20' and 43° 40' south latitude, and between the meridian of 144° 30' and 148° 30' east longitude; containing an area, according to Mr. Bischoff, equal to the size of Ireland."

"On account," says Mr. Dixon, "of the common mistake which is made of confounding 'Van Diemen's Land' with 'New South Wales,' and thinking Hobart Town and Sydney to be two towns within one colony, I shall, before entering on my discourse upon the former country, endeavour to show the distinction between it and the latter, by defining, as well as I can, the situation of each."

"New Holland is a great island, or, more properly, a small continent, lying upon the south-eastern corner of the globe. Round about upon this continent are seated the several settlements, or colonies, of 'New South Wales,' 'Port Philip,' 'Swan River,' 'King George's Sound,' and the recently established colony of 'South Australia.'"

"Van Diemen's Land is an 'island,' lying to the southward of this small continent of New Holland, about 160 miles long, and 80 miles broad. It is separated from New Holland by Bass's Straits; a channel measuring 120 miles across at its widest part. Sydney is the capital of New South Wales, and Hobart Town that of Van Diemen's Land; and the relation between these two towns is no more than that between London and Dublin. But the distance between Hobart Town and Sydney is a deal greater than that between the English and Irish capitals. The distance between the two former is about 800 miles; and the average passage is reckoned to take, with a fair wind, from five to seven days, though in foul weather it takes much longer. I myself have been three weeks on the passage." [Mr. Dixon might have recollected that the sea distance between London and Dublin is nearly as much as that between Hobart Town and Sydney, and that the London and

\* Six Years' Residence in the Australian Provinces, ending in 1839; exhibiting their Capabilities of Colonisation, and containing the History, Trade, Population, Extent, Resources, &c. &c. of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, South Australia, and Port Philip; with an Account of New Zealand. By W. Mann, Esq.—London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1839.

† The Condition and Capabilities of Van Diemen's Land, as a Place of Emigration. Being the Practical Experience of nearly Ten Years' Residence in the Colony. By John Dixon.—London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1830.



Dublin steamers average between three and four days in making the passage.]

"In Van Diemen's Land there have arisen several towns, but Hobart Town and Launceston are the chief. As the former is the seat of the local government, it is denominated the capital. Launceston lies on the northern extremity, looking towards Bass's Straits; Hobart Town on the southern, facing the Southern Ocean. These two towns are situated on the only two navigable rivers, the Tamar and the Derwent."

"Van Diemen's Land is about sixteen thousand miles remote from England; and as steam navigation has not yet been established to this extent, the average voyage thither is not made in less than from four to five months. The western side of the island, which presents itself to us as we approach from England, is wild, barren, and appalling; so that all the unfavourable ideas which the uncouth name of the island may have raised in the mind are confirmed by the dreary and broken prospect stretching before us. The eastern aspect, however, is of an opposite character, stretching along in romantic and diversified loveliness."

"The known ports or harbours in and about the coast are few; but as a correct marine survey of the island has not yet been performed, the unknown may be many."

"The interior is characterised by its uncommon features, being, in many respects, unlike any other part of the world. The surface heaves up into irregular ranges of mountain scenery, crowded over and intersected in all fashions and directions. We never see one mountain alone, but where one is there are chains of others, running up, round, and about, in open wildness and disorder—towering here and sinking there, in bewildering yet striking confusion. From April to October, the highest are capped with snow. The whole face of the country is covered thickly with trees of immense height and circumference, growing close together, and reaching to a great loftiness before they shoot out their branches. Their leaves are unfading, but dusky and mournful, and seem, in the distance, nearly black, throwing an air of heavy gloom over the face of nature. The valleys are circumscribed within narrow limits, and, like the mountains, spread over with high sturdy forests."

"As England is on an opposite point of the globe, the days, the nights, and the seasons take place in each at contrary periods. Thus, while in England we shut our windows and doors on the frost, and sit down to our joyous Christmas dinner, they in Van Diemen's Land have to throw all open, and, in compliment to an ancient custom, endeavour to partake of the unseasonable fare of roast beef and plum-pudding."

"Although the seasons perform the same revolutions as in England, yet their effect upon ourselves is quite different; for, instead of that quiet, undeviating return of weather which we experience at home, in Van Diemen's Land there is nothing but capricious variability. The seasons, with respect to their temperature, seem to be confounded; and the cold in summer is sometimes as keen as it is in winter. But the most fickle months are those of summer. Then the weather changes day after day, and often hour after hour—not only by slight degrees, but frequently to great extremes. Those changes are at times so sudden in Hobart Town, as that, in going up one street, you could throw off your coat, and in coming down the next you might put on an additional one. The mornings and evenings are always chilly; and it is not unusual, even after a hot day, to require a fire before night. The winds blow in gusts, and sometimes violently. Hot winds are felt in the summer of an oppressive nature, seeming as if they were issuing from an oven. Their duration, however, is short; they last but for two or three days in the hottest months, and continue each day but for a few hours. In this respect Van Diemen's Land has a great advantage over New South Wales, as these hot winds last longer there, and take place oftener."

"The winter in Van Diemen's Land is cold and biting, but never frosty. Snow falls heavy, but ice is never seen. Rain is commonly accompanied with an open rawness in the air, and continues pouring for days together; often overflowing the rivulets, and doing great mischief. The thermometer ranges in winter, in the sun, as low as forty degrees; and in summer, as high as 130 degrees. The atmosphere is always pure, and in summer clear and delightful."

"Van Diemen's Land was colonised in the year 1803; it was then a wilderness. Within so short a time as thirty-six years, little, it might be supposed, could be achieved towards reclaiming its wildness, and making it a fit residence, not only for a civilised, but a polished European society. Such an achievement, however, has been completed. Few men will repose in idleness while they see a prospect of becoming wealthy by exercising their industry;

and all emigrants desire to be wealthy. Big with expectation, they quit their country, and, as soon as possible after their arrival, put their several schemes in operation. A project that at home would be derided, is in a new colony applauded. What in the one place would be viewed as impracticable, is in the other admired as both practicable and laudable. The emigrant, in quitting his country, often quits its prejudices; but well would it be, *if at the same time he never quitted its prudence*. His fancy too frequently takes the place of his judgment, and betrays him into acts of foolishness and presumption. As he thinks he is rapidly to accumulate wealth, every speculation seems reasonable to him; and hence the hasty and dazzling rise of infant colonies. Houses are built before they are wanted, and luxuries bought before they can be paid for. It is not then surprising, that what was once a forest should soon come to be a city, and that within so short a time as thirty-six years a wilderness has been reclaimed, and made such as I have already in part described Van Diemen's Land to be."

"Nothing astonishes one more upon his arrival in Van Diemen's Land, than the aspect of its beautiful little capital of Hobart Town. He views with wonder and admiration its commodious harbour; its extensive, well-constructed wharf, where vessels of all tonnage can lie close to, and discharge or take in their cargoes with ease and convenience; together with the range of large and heavy buildings encircling it."

"The town is built upon an undulating surface, receding from a cove on the left of the Derwent. Seen from the water, it seems to run up before you on a variety of ascents, and to spread itself abroad upon the hills in the distance. Mount Wellington, a great mountain, which during nine months in the year is capped with snow, and which rises four thousand feet above the level of the sea, stands at the back, in darkness and sublimity, and overlooks the surrounding scenery."

"Shops are scattered all over Hobart Town, but the business thoroughfare is confined to two streets. Retail spirit-stores are numerous, and are seen in every direction: stand at the corner of any street, and from fifteen to twenty are in sight. It is not because the selling of spirits is so profitable, but because few channels are open for the investment of little capitals. One or two tanneries, a few breweries and candle manufactories, are all the manufacturing establishments in the colony."

"Some of the shops are showy and respectable—even tasteful and elegant, displaying an appearance equal to that of many in London. Owing to the competition which has taken place during the last few years among them, the same sort of efforts are now made to catch the eye and entice customers that are made in the cities of Europe. The householder is as particular in the decorating of the interior of his house as he would were he in England; and hence his furniture is not inferior to that of those of his own rank in the mother-country."

Mr. Mann enlarges on the conduct of Colonel Arthur, while governor of Van Diemen's Land; but Mr. Dixon says very little on the subject. It is clear, however, that misgovernment, convict society, and a very bad system of land-distribution, have done much to mar the progress of the colony. It only contains about 45,000 inhabitants, of whom about 24,000 are free settlers; and not above one fourth of the island is said to be even explored. But other evils, arising out of the settlers themselves, have tended to injure the colony; and as the same causes will ruin any colony, we recommend Mr. Dixon's description of them to the attention of our readers:—

"The greater portion of the free population emigrated under the idea of becoming in time wealthy colonists; and this idea still possesses them, proving a lasting torment to their minds. Money is the grand topic of conversation, and to appear wealthy is their greatest ambition. In no part of the world are riches more honoured than in Van Diemen's Land. It is no matter how you became possessed of them, what is your history, or what your propensities: if you can make it appear that you are a man of property, you are everything—your company is courted, your name blazoned abroad, and your consequence acknowledged and bowed to. But, alas! be without money, and lo! you are trampled upon. Demeanour, probity, or talents, may procure you friends among your countrymen at home; but not one of these can, if you be indigent, gain you a friend among your countrymen in Van Diemen's Land."

"In England, the eye of commerce is never closed. Seeing such multitudes of poor people crowding to the colony, and hearing so much of its extraordinary prosperity, merchants turned their

attention thither, and forthwith opened accounts with it; branch houses were sent out, and warehouse after warehouse was erected there. As shipments soon accumulated on the hands of the consignees, encouragement had to be extended, so as to get rid of their surplus merchandise; and a hateful system of credit was therefore put into operation. Those who had had to abandon tillage, now took to shopkeeping as their next calling; and the buying in bulk, and selling by retail, became the business of every small capitalist. Goods still poured into the market; and as no one, as yet, foresaw loss in the importing of them, but apparently immense gain, rivalry diffused itself, and all were anxious to become importers of merchandise from England: he that could raise fifty pounds, sent it to London, and received in exchange its value in commodities. As importations thus multiplied and competition increased, customers were received with open arms and liberal accommodations.

"The system of granting unlimited credit descended from the merchant to the shopkeeper; for, as the latter purchased upon easy terms, he sold upon terms as easy, and an unguarded habit of expense thus became a characteristic of most of the colonists: even the boy in office, with a salary perhaps not exceeding 70*l.* per annum, lived at the rate of 200*l.*

"As every man got a great profit on what he sold (for prices were seldom higgled over), these, as great profits always do, produced a love for pomp and magnificence. Houses came to be decorated, street-equipage displayed, and affluence seemed staring every man in the face. Trade appearing so prosperous, those who came to better their condition, (and who had not done so?) now thought that they had mistaken the means, deserted their callings, and became dabbling traffickers. All spurned their former judicious avocations; and they who could not open shops took packs under their arms, and travelled as pedlars through the country.

"Hobart Town was shortly over-populated, and as house-rent rose considerably, a new channel opened for speculation; and capital was divided between the depasturing of sheep, the importing of goods, and the building of houses in town. Allotments for building upon were therefore bought up with avidity, and ground in a short time sold, in Hobart Town, for as much the foot as it could have brought had it been in the heart of London. Spurious capitals were now put into circulation, and every one, as he thought, saw wealth within his reach; houses were erected upon paper currency, and accommodation bills flew abroad incautiously and unlimitedly. Fresh banks of issue arose; and any bill of exchange, with two names upon it, was discounted with promptitude and alacrity. Business could not be transacted fast enough; usurers sprang up in great abundance, speculations were flaring in all corners, and every wild and foolish adventure was commended and admired.

"Gold and silver alone were taken in payment for crown-land; and the local government,\* anxious to make known to its masters the prosperity of the settlement, locked its coffers upon all money that it received; and thereby made a show of a great balance in favour of the colony. Large importations of cattle, and other produce, being constantly made from the sister colony, drew immense sums away from Van Diemen's Land; and these, together with the above policy, caused a great diminution in the circulating medium. The bankers at last became alarmed, and stopped their discounts; the contagion spread, and consternation and dismay were seen in every man's countenance. The times have grown worse, and the crisis has arrived! The endeavour is no more to make money, but only to save that which has been made. Every man that can is quitting the colony; and the fine little island of Van Diemen's Land seems doomed to neglect, to poverty, and to desolation!"

We are not inclined to agree with Mr. Dixon, in his gloomy view of the prospects of Van Diemen's Land. But we may leave it for the present, and crossing Bass's Straits, land at Port Philip.

"That part," says Mr. Mann, "which extends from Twofold Bay on the east coast to the 141st degree of east longitude, bordering on the new province of South Australia on the west, being a distance of 500 miles; and from Bass's Straits on the south coast to the River Murray on the north, and part of the province of New South Wales on the north-east coast—being an average of 250 miles in breadth from north to south, comprising within these limits an area of eighty millions of acres—is termed at present the district, or province, of Port Philip. From the richness of the

soil and the salubrity of the climate, between the degrees of 35 and 39 south latitude, it is one of the finest portions of that extensive country hitherto explored. Within this boundary is included that part of Australia lately surveyed by Sir Thomas Mitchell, surveyor-general, and denominated by him Australia Felix. I had the pleasure of presenting letters of introduction to Sir Thomas, with whom I had an interview immediately after his return from that country; and he assured me it was much the best part of Australia he had ever seen, and that it was well calculated for either pasture or tillage.

"Port Philip is an immense basin, 35 miles either way, with a narrow entrance, about a mile and a half wide, safe and deep enough to admit vessels of any size. They must enter at low water or flood of tide, which rises here about six feet. It is situated in 38° 18' south latitude, and 144° 38' east longitude. The harbour is secure, and large enough to contain all the navies in the world. There are numerous sandbanks about the middle of the harbour, which break the reach of the waves when the wind is southerly, so that vessels ride easier at anchor near Melbourne. The eastern passage is the deepest, and consequently most secure. The charts of the accurate and indefatigable Flinders are found to be correct, not only here, but in every place on the Australian coast that he has laid down, with the exception of some places where there might be shifting banks of sand. Melbourne is situated at the head of the bay, on the north side, about nine miles up a river, which admits vessels of sixty tons burden. The town is building where the water is fresh, at the head of the navigable part of the stream. This colony is calculated to contain about five thousand inhabitants, of whom about fifteen hundred reside in Melbourne. There are four hundred stock-stations, which pay 10*l.* per annum each, as a licence to graze their flocks and herds, for the purpose of raising a revenue to support the police, and to exclude improper characters from obtaining such indulgence. It is computed that on an average there are two thousand sheep at each station, with a proportionate number of horses and cattle: this was the calculation at the beginning of this year, 1839. The land-sales very improperly take place at Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, which is six hundred miles from Melbourne; so that a settler, or intending purchaser, must travel twelve hundred miles backward and forward, and perhaps be outbid by some company, or land-jobbers, who reside in Sydney, and intend speculating in land, under the impression that, as improvement takes place around their allotments, it must rise in value without their incurring any expense. Will the government sit quietly by, and see such monopoly of land take place, to the exclusion of the industrious and enterprising colonist? Such monopolists (if the present impolitic sales of land are to be continued) should be compelled to lay out a certain sum annually, equal to one-fourth of the amount of the purchase-money, on the improvement of the land so purchased, which would prevent such jobbing speculations."

"Perceiving that this part of the country was totally neglected by the government, a few enterprising individuals crossed the straits from Van Diemen's Land, in the year 1835, and took possession of the land surrounding Port Philip. They entered into a treaty with the aborigines for the sale of the land, which the government would not allow, claiming for the crown the right of pre-emption."

"Shortly after the arrival at Port Philip of the first adventurers, a white man of Herculean form and appearance joined the party: he was clothed in the skins of the kangaroo and opossum. He was a perfect fac-simile of Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of De Foe. He could speak a few words of English; but in the first instance was scarcely understood in this his native language, not having seen one of his countrymen for thirty-three years, during which time he had lived with the natives of the country. I had his history from his own lips soon after, when he became perfect master of his mother-tongue, which after so long a lapse of time he had forgotten. He told me his name was William Buckley; that he was born in the parish of Martin, near Macclesfield, in Cheshire, and was by trade a bricklayer; that he enlisted in the 4th regiment of foot, and served under the Duke of York in Flanders. He stood about six feet four inches high, was the tallest man in the regiment but one, who took the right, whilst he stood on the left of the grenadier company. He accompanied Colonel Collins with the expedition intended to colonise the southern coast of New Holland, and was left behind by some chance or accident when the fleet sailed, to form a settlement at Hobart Town in Van Diemen's Land. He associated with the aborigines, who treated him with great reverence, awe, and re-

\* "Under Colonel Arthur's administration."

spect. The place where he spent most of his time is still called Buckley's Drops, near a cascade by a river-side, where he could at all times procure abundance of fish, upon which, with the flesh of the kangaroo, he lived plentifully, if not happily. During all this time he lived without either salt, spirits, or tobacco, which to an Englishman must at first be a great punishment: however, he became fat and robust, weighing, when his countrymen landed, upwards of eighteen stone. Much of the success which attended the early settlers, and the friendly footing on which they were received by the natives, is to be attributed to their countryman Buckley; in which there would appear to be something providential, as it is to be hoped that the civilisation of the aborigines will be attended to, and their instruction in religious truth not neglected, which, after all, is the only legitimate right we have to lay claim to, in taking possession of their country."

#### NICHOLAS FLAMEL, THE HERMETIC PHILOSOPHER.

When you see the effects of the Great Medicine,  
Of which one part projected on a hundred  
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,  
Shall turn it to as many of the sun;  
Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum:  
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,  
He that has once the flower of the sun,  
The perfect ruby, which we call Elixir,  
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,  
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;  
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,  
To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days  
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child;  
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,  
To the fifth age. *Alchemist, Act II, Sc. 1.*

SUCH were the dreams that in former—ay, and even in very recent days bewildered the imaginations of the vain seekers after endless wealth, and an imperishable youth. The natural taste for the marvellous, which is inherent in the human mind, exercised a powerful influence in creating and sustaining a belief in alchemy; in the possibility of obtaining that wondrous talisman, concerning which that man of much faith, the honest but credulous Elias Ashmole, tells us he knew enough to hold his tongue, but not enough to speak. According to his account this stone has not only the power of transmuting any imperfect earthy matter into its utmost degree of perfection, and can convert the basest metals into gold, flints into stone, &c.; but it has still more occult virtues, when the arcana have been entered into by the choice fathers of hermetic mysteries. The vegetable stone has power over the natures of man, beast, fowls, fishes, and all kinds of trees and plants, to make them flourish and bear fruit at any time. The magical stone discovers any person wherever he is concealed; while the angelical stone gives the apparitions of angels, and a power of conversing with them. This latter power was commonly pretended to by every sage astrologer, who, like Sidrophel,

"When brass and pewter happen to stray,  
And linen slunk out of the way;  
When geese and pullets were seduced,  
And sows of sucking pigs were choused,  
When murrain reigned in hogs or sheep,  
And chickens languished of the pip;  
When yest and outward means did fail,  
And had not power to work on ale;  
When butter did refuse to come,  
And love proved cross and humoursome;—"

resolved the queries of their anxious clients as frequently by summoning an angel, or rather an elemental spirit, a fairy, gnome, nymph, or dryad, (in all of whom the Rosicrucian philosophers devoutly believed,) to appear in the magic crystal, and give a reply to the matter in hand, as by conclusions drawn from a horoscope. Lilly, the arch-conjuror of his times, the prototype of Sidrophel, gives in his curious Memoirs many stories of such invocations, and particularly insists on the necessity of a pure life in those who hope to be favoured with such "beatific visions;" and as purity was not a general characteristic of these gentlemen, they most frequently made use of a girl or a young boy as their *speculator*. Thus he tells us that he "was very familiar with one Sarah Skelton, who had been *speculatrix* unto one Arthur Gaunt-

lett, about Gray's-inn-lane, a very lewd fellow professing physics. This Sarah," he says, "had a perfect sight, and indeed the best eyes for that purpose I ever yet did see."

Lilly is also pleased to inform us that "it was very rare, yea, even in his days, for any operator or master to have the angels speak articulately. When they do speak, it is like the Irish—*much in the throat*." Dr. Dee's magical crystal now reposes undisturbed in a glass case in the British Museum. We wonder some adventurous son of Erin has not tested its efficacy; for, peradventure, these "angelical creatures" would understand the pure Milesian, and might resolve many of those questions concerning the green isle, which now puzzle the heads of a whole legislature.

But this is a digression. Let us return to our friends the hermetic philosophers, who, although in a general way they may be considered as a sad set of bunglers, and particularly given to blowing up their furnaces in the very moment of "projection," were not, if we may believe the learned Dr. John Henry Cohausen, the author of "*Hermippus Redivivus*;" or, the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave," always so unfortunate. He tells us that "Amongst the hermetic philosophers, who are allowed to have attained the highest secrets of science, Nicholas Flamel, of Paris, has been always reckoned one of the most considerable, and his right to this reputation, the least to be contested. The history of this Flamel, who flourished in the fourteenth century, is very curious: he was a person of a good family, though much reduced in point of fortune, had quick parts; a lively wit; and, with the advantage of no more than an ordinary education, was sent to Paris to get a living as he could. Flamel wrote an extraordinary good hand, had some notion of poetry, and painted very prettily; yet all these accomplishments raised him no higher than a hackney clerk, in which condition he worked very hard, and had much ado to pick up a subsistence. In 1337, chance threw in his way a book of hermetic philosophy, written by one Abraham, a Jew, or rather engraven on leaves made of the bark of trees, and illustrated with very curious pictures, in which the whole secret was laid down in the clearest manner possible, to such as were acquainted with hermetic philosophy. This treasure cost Flamel no more than two florins, for the person who sold him the book knew nothing of what it contained, and Flamel himself, though he made it his whole study for twenty years, and though he took the precaution of copying the pictures, and hanging them up in his house, and asking the learned their opinion about them, was able to make very little of them.

"Tired at length with so vain and so laborious a study, he, in 1378, took a resolution to travel into Spain, in hopes of meeting there some learned Jew, who might give him the key to the grand secret. That this journey might not appear to be undertaken on quite so chimerical a motive, he made a vow, to go in pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, a practice frequent in those times. After much search to little purpose, he met at last with a Jew physician at Leon, who had been lately converted to the Christian religion, and who was well versed in this kind of science. This man, at the persuasion of Flamel, consented to go with him to Paris; but when they were got as far as Orleans, the physician, who was far gone in years, and little accustomed to the fatigue of travel, fell sick of a fever, which carried him off in a few days. Flamel having rendered the last kind offices to his dying friend, returned very disconsolate to Paris, where he studied three years more, according to the instructions he had received from the physician, with such success, that on the 17th of January, 1382, he made projection on a large quantity of mercury, which he changed into fine silver, and on the 25th of April following, he transmuted a vast quantity of mercury into gold. He afterwards repeated frequently the experiment, and acquired thereby immense wealth. He and his wife Perenella, in the midst of all these riches, lived still in their old sober way, and ate and drank as usual out of earthen vessels. They maintained, however, a vast number of poor, founded fourteen hospitals, built three chapels, and repaired and endowed seven churches. In short, the acts of charity they did were so astonishing, that Charles the Sixth, who was then upon the throne, resolved to inquire how they came by their wealth, and sent for that purpose M. de Cramoisi, Master of Requests, and a magistrate of the highest reputation for probity and honour, to examine into their circumstances; to whom Flamel gave so satisfactory an answer, that no further inquiry was made about them; but the honest old people were left in possession of the only privilege they desired,



which was no greater than that of doing all the good that lay in their power.

"The circumstances of this story, the immense wealth of Flamel and his wife, their many foundations, their vast endowments, and the prodigious estate they left behind them, are all facts so well attested, that no dispute can be raised about them; or, if there were, the last will of Nicholas Flamel, which, with forty authentic acts, of as many charitable foundations, long deposited in the archives of the parish church of St. Jaques de la Boucherie at Paris, are proofs capable of convincing the greatest infidel. This Flamel wrote several treatises on the art of chemistry; but they are extremely obscure, because they are all delivered in an allegorical way, and, consequently one may hit upon various interpretations, without coming at the true one; which, it is said, he gave to a nephew of his, and that the secret remained long in the family; nay, it is owing to indiscretion, if it does not so still. I must not, however, conceal an attempt that has been made to overturn the whole of this history, not by denying the facts, for that would have been ridiculous, since there are hundreds of poor that yet subsist on Flamel's and his wife's foundations, and are consequently so many living witnesses of the veracity of that part of the relation.

"But the thing attempted is, to give another account of Flamel's acquiring his wealth, and in order to this they tell you, that he was a notary public at the time that the Jews were expelled France, that they deposited with him, in trust, a great part of their wealth, and that he kept it for his own use."

The sequel of this strange history is given in a quotation from the travels of a certain *Sieur Paul Lucas*, who, being at *Broussa*, in *Natolia*, met a person dressed like one of the *Tartarian dervises*, with whom he contracted an intimacy. He says—

"On the 10th, the dervise, whom I took for an *Usbec*, came to pay me a visit. I received him in the best manner possible, and as he appeared to me a very learned, as well as curious man, I showed him all the manuscripts I had bought, and he assured me they were very valuable, and written by great authors: I must say in favour of this dervise that he was a person every way extraordinary, even to his outward appearance. He showed me abundance of curious things in physic, and promised me more; but at the same time he could not help saying, that it was necessary that I should make some extraordinary preparations on my side, in order to put myself into a condition of profiting by the lights he was able to give me. To judge according to his appearance, he should have been a man about thirty, but by his discourse he seemed to have lived at least a century, and of this I was the more persuaded from the accounts he gave me of some long voyages he made.

"He told me that he was one of seven friends, who all wandered up and down the world, with the same view of perfecting themselves in their studies, and that at parting they always appointed another meeting at the end of twenty years, in a certain city which was mentioned, and that the first who came waited for the rest. I perceived, without his telling me, that *Broussa* was the city appointed for their present meeting. There were four of them there already, and appeared to converse with each other, with a freedom that spoke rather an old acquaintance than an accidental meeting."

Being introduced to these mysterious wanderers, the *Sieur Lucas* held a long conversation with them upon religion, natural philosophy, chemistry, alchemy, and the cabala.

"At last, I took the liberty to mention the illustrious Flamel, who, I said, had possessed the philosopher's stone, but was dead to all intents and purposes for all that. At the mention of his name he smiled at my simplicity. As I had by this time begun to yield some degree of credit to his discourse, I was surprised he should make a doubt of what I advanced upon this head. The dervise observed this, and could not help saying, with an air of mirth, 'And do you really think the thing so? do you actually believe Flamel is dead? no, no, my friend,' continued he, 'don't deceive yourself, Flamel is living still—neither he nor his wife is yet at all acquainted with the dead. It is not above three years ago since I left both the one and the other in the Indies, and he is,' said he, 'one of my best friends;' upon which, he was going to tell me how their acquaintance grew, but stopping himself short of a sudden—'That,' said he, 'is little to the purpose: I will rather give you his true history, with respect to which, in your country, I dare say, you are not very well acquainted.

"We sages," continued he, "though rare in the world, yet are of all sects and professions, neither is there any great inequality

amongst us on that account. A little before the time of Flamel, there was a Jew of our fraternity; but as through his whole life he had a most ardent affection for his family, he could not help desiring to see them after he once came to the knowledge of their being settled in France. We foresaw the danger of the thing, and did all that in us lay to divert him from this journey, in which we often succeeded. At last, however, the passion of seeing his family grew so strong upon him, that go he would: but at the time of his departure, he made us a solemn promise to return to us as soon as it was possible. In a word, he arrived at Paris, which was, as it is now, the capital of the kingdom, and found there his father's descendants, in the highest esteem among the Jews. Amongst others there was a rabbi, who had a genius for the true philosophy, and who had been long in search of the great secret. Our friend did not hesitate at making himself known to his relation; on the contrary, he entered into a strict friendship with him, and gave him abundance of lights. But as the first matter is a long time preparing, he contented himself with putting into writing the whole series of the process, and to convince his nephew that he had not amused him with falsehoods, he made projection in his presence on thirty *ocques* (an *ocque* is three pounds) of base metal, and turned it into pure gold. The rabbi, full of admiration, did all he could to persuade our brother to remain with him, but in vain; because he, on the other hand, was resolved not to break his word with us. The Jew, when he found this, changed his affection into mortal hatred, and his avarice stifling all principles of nature and religion, he resolved to extinguish one of the lights of the universe. Dissembling, however, his black design, he besought the sage, in the tenderest manner, to remain with him only for a few days. During this space, he plotted and executed his execrable purpose of murdering our brother, and made himself master of his medicine. Such horrible actions never remain long unpunished. Some other black things he had done came to light, for which the Jew was thrown into prison, convicted, and burned alive.

"The Jews fell soon after under a persecution at Paris, as without doubt you have heard. Flamel, more reasonable than the rest of his countrymen, entered into a strict friendship with some of them; and as his great honesty and unblemished probity were well known, a Jew merchant intrusted him with all his books and papers, among which were those of the Jew which had been burned, and the book that our brother had left with him. The merchant, taken up no doubt with his own affairs, and with the care of his trade, had never considered this valuable piece with any attention; but Flamel, whose curiosity led him to examine it more closely, perceiving several pictures of furnaces and alembics, and other vessels, he began immediately to apprehend that in this book was contained the grand secret. He got the first leaf of the book, which was in Hebrew, translated, and with the little he met with therein, was confirmed in his opinion; but knowing that the affair required prudence and circumspection, he took, in order to avoid all discovery, the following steps. He went into Spain, and as Jews were everywhere settled throughout that country, in every place that he came to he applied himself to the most learned, engaging each of them to translate a page of his book; having thus obtained an entire version, he set out again for Paris. He brought back with him a faithful friend of his, to labour with him in the work, and with whom he intended to share the secret; but a raging fever carried him off and deprived Flamel of his associate. When therefore he came home, he and his wife entered together upon the work, and arriving in process of time at the secret, acquired immense riches, which they employed in building public edifices, and doing good to a multitude of people."

This tale brings to our mind the legend of *Signor Gualdi*, on which *Mr. Godwin* founded his singular romance of *St. Leon*. *Gualdi*, it is said, appeared at *Venice* in 1687, where he lived in very good style, and was admitted into the best company, though nobody knew who or what he was. This gentleman possessed a small but very choice collection of paintings, which he was always ready to exhibit to connoisseurs. On one occasion a very good judge of painting recognised the hand of *Titian*, who died 130 years before, in the portrait of the proprietor, and could not avoid expressing his surprise. *Gualdi* answered evasively that it was no great crime that he should resemble a portrait of *Titian's*; but he seemed to resent this accidental prying into his secret history, being far less complaisant than the *Sieur Lucas's* communicative *Usbec*, for the next day he and his pictures had disappeared, leaving all *Venice* in astonishment at this visit of the "wandering Jew," for such it was determined he was, *nemine contradicente*.

## ENGLISH AND GERMAN SERVANTS.

OUR servants are quite right to receive high wages—wear veils, kid gloves, and superfine cloth—give themselves airs—mock the manners of their lords and ladies, and to farcify below stairs the comedy of errors which they catch an occasional glimpse of above; in short, to do as little, consume as much, and be as expensive and troublesome as possible. No liberal person can blame them: it is, I fear, upon our heads that all their follies must rest; we have no one but ourselves to blame; and until a few of the principal families in England, for the character and welfare of the country, agree to lower the style and habits of their servants, and by “a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together,” to break the horrid system which at present prevails, the distinction between the honest ploughman who whistles along the fallow, and his white-faced, powder-headed, silver-laced, scarlet-breeched, golden-gartered brother in London, must be as strikingly ridiculous as ever. If once the system were to be blown up, thousands of honest, well-meaning servants would rejoice; and while the wealthiest classes would in fact be served at least as well as ever, the middle ranks—especially all people of small incomes—would be relieved, beyond description, by the removal of an unnatural and unnecessary burden, which but too often embitters all their little domestic arrangements. There are no points of contrast between Germany and England more remarkable, than that in the one country people of all incomes are supported and relieved in proportion to the number of their servants, while in the other they are tormented and oppressed; again, that in the one country servants humbly dressed, and humbly fed, live in a sort of exalted and honourable intercourse with their masters; while, in the other, servants highly powdered and grossly fed are treated, *de haut en bas*, in a manner which is not to be seen on the continent.—*Quarterly Review*.

## THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

O! wor in the halls of the noble and proud,  
Where fashion assembles her glittering crowd;  
Where all is in beauty and splendour array'd,  
Were the nuptials perform'd of the meek Quaker maid,

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,  
By the altar the mitre-crown'd bishop and book:  
Where oft in her jewels doth stand the fair bride,  
To whisper those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to Him  
Before whom the pomp of religion is dim,  
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,  
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas there, all unweild, save by modesty, stood  
The Quakeress bride, in her pure satin hood;  
Her charms unadorn'd by the garland or gem,  
Yet fair as the lily just pluck'd from its stem,

A tear glisten'd bright in her dark shaded eye,  
And her bosom half utter'd a tremulous sigh,  
As the hand she had pledged was confidently given,  
And the low-murmur'd accents recorded in heaven,

I've been at the bridal where wealth spread the board,  
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was pour'd;  
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,  
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire, in his thin locks of gray,  
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away;  
While he brush'd the big tear from his deep-furrow'd cheek,  
And bow'd the assent which his lips might not speak.

But in all the array of the costlier scene,  
Nought seem'd to my eye so sincere in its mien  
No language so fully the heart to resign,  
As the Quakeress bride's—"Until death I am thine."

*Religious Souvenir, for 1840.*

## THE STARS.

Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime;  
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time!  
Near, and more near, your beamy cars approach,  
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.  
Flowers of the sky! ye too must yield,  
Frail as your silken sisters of the field:  
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,  
Sun sink on sun, and systems systems crush;  
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,  
And Death, and Night, and Chaos, mingle all:  
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,  
Immortal Nature lifts her changeable form,  
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,  
And soars and shines, another, yet the same.

*Darwin's Botanic Garden.*

## HAZLITT ON WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth, in his poetry, has given us the essence of poetry, without the machinery, the apparatus of poetical diction, the theatrical pomp, the conventional ornaments.—*Hazlitt*.

## BYRON ON SCOTT.

I asked Byron what he thought of Scott's "Field of Waterloo," just published—if it was fair to ask one poet his opinion of a living contemporary. "Oh," said he, "quite fair; besides, there is not much subject for criticism in this hasty sketch. The reviewers call it a *falling off*: but I am sure there is no living poet who could have written so many good lines on so meagre a subject, in so short a time. Scott is a fine poet and a most amiable man. We are great friends. As a prose writer he has no rival; and has not been approached, since Cervantes, in depicting manners. His tales are my constant companion."—*Gordon's Personal Memoirs*.

## A RUINED CHURCH.

—I do love these ancient ruins:  
We never tread upon them, but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history;  
And, questionless, here in this open court,  
(Which now lies naked to the injuries  
Of stormy weather,) some lie interr'd,  
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,  
They thought it should have canopied their bones  
Till doomsday: but all things have their end;  
Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)  
Must have like death that we have.—*Duchess of Malby*.

## THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

Truth and reason never cause revolutions on the earth; they are the fruit of experience, which can only be exercised when the passions are at rest; they excite not in the heart those furious emotions which shake empires to their base. Truth can only be discovered by peaceful minds: it is only adopted by kindred spirits. If it change the opinions of men, it is only by insensible gradations—a gentle and easy descent conducting them to reason. The revolutions caused by the progress of truth are always beneficial to society, and are only burdensome to those who deceive and oppress it.—*Du Maine on Prejudice*.

## BOOKS.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was, whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the parent efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up, on purpose, to a life beyond life.—*Milton*.

## LACONICS.

Indecisiveness of character, though the effect of timidity, is almost always associated with benevolence.—*Coleridge*.

Study is the bane of boyhood, the ailment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age.—*Landor*.

I have known a word last all the way home, and a look make a dream of it.—*L. Hunt*.

She was but common clay, ta'en from the common earth, moulded by God, and tempered by the tears of angels to the perfect form of Woman.—*Tennyson*.

Ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony:

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

*Shakspeare's Julius Caesar.*

He who hath not meditated much upon God and the human mind, may make a thriving earth-worm, but will indubitably make a blundering patriot and a sorry statesman.—*Coleridge*.

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